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BACK TO WORK

AND now let us get back to work!" It was M. Clemenceau who coined this telling phrase a week or two ago in the French Chamber, and many commentaries have been written upon it in many languages. For it expresses, not merely the need of France, but the need of the whole world. It is a world exhausted by war, yet for this particular exhaustion the cure is not rest, but work. There never has been any way but one in which to repair the ravages of war, and that is the way of work, which is also the sole avenue to content. In no country is there greater need that this old truth should be understood and acted upon at once than in our own. In Belgium, France, Serbia, Italy, Rumania—wherever the invader has wrought devastation—the need of toilsome, patient work is obvious. But in this country there are no visible incitations to labour. Not a spire of grass—to quote the fine saying of the great Lord Halifax—has been trampled by the invader. The moat has kept us safe. And throughout the war, instead of the starvation, dire distress and unemployment which prevailed during the Napoleonic era, there has been an ever-rising tide of what looked like prosperity and what, for the great majority of the wage-earning classes, actually was such prosperity as they had never enjoyed before. They have, indeed, been warned often enough that it was all artificial and illusory, and that the nation was living on its capital. But, at any rate, the wage increases and the war bonuses, which they had only to ask to receive, were real enough, and they paid little heed to "the rumble of the distant drum." The upward rush of wages in the last eight months and the downward trend of working hours have not encouraged the spirit of work. Other and less excusable influences have also been active—the insidious propaganda of the Social Revolution; the persistence of the mischievous fallacy of *ca' canny*, unfortunately accepted and practised by large numbers who have no sympathy with or leaning towards the Red International; and the new

consciousness of political power on the part of Labour, which has been influenced to an unusual degree against Capital by some of its most prominent leaders.

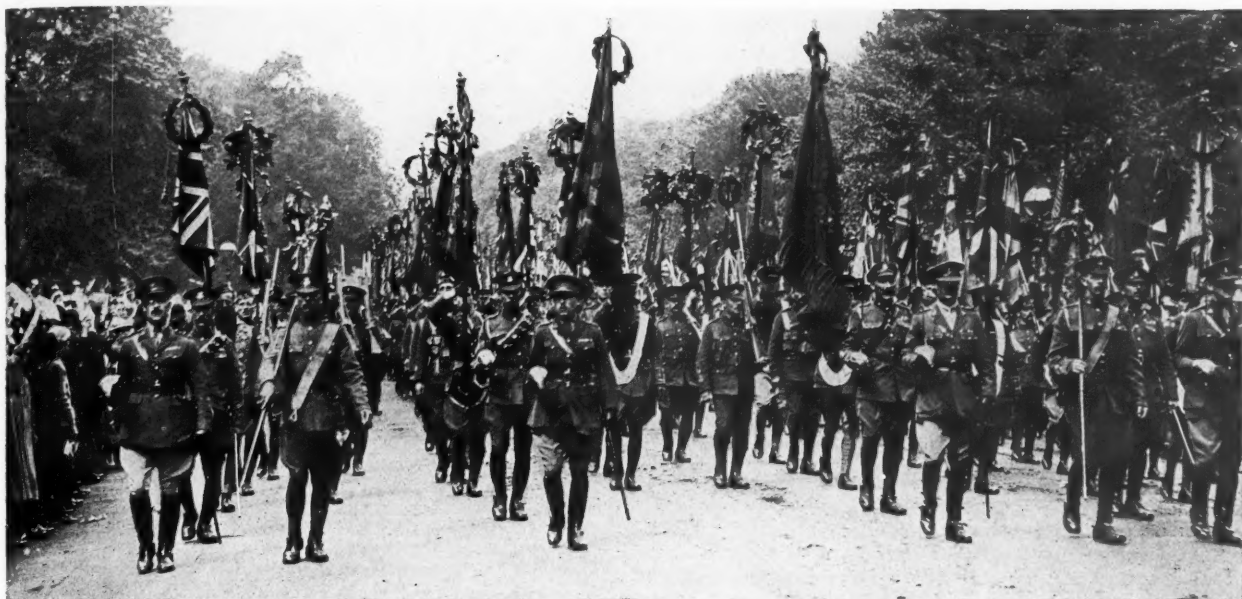
These are the influences which have militated against the spirit of work. Nor have they ceased their activity. To some of these forces it is no use appealing. Those who are bent on sedition look to industrial trouble as their most promising instrument. But these are the minority, and whenever they come out in their true colours they are repudiated by the mass of Trade Union opinion. It is to the latter, therefore, that appeal must be made, and the true economic and industrial position of the country should be laid before them in a way that they can understand. Nothing is more likely to quicken this understanding than the swift economic results which will be produced by an increase of six shillings in the price of coal. It will touch every pocket. It will affect every industry. There is hardly a man or woman in the country who will not be sharply made aware of the fact that by refusing the Government's offer—which was made in response to the urgent representation of such well known miners' leaders as Mr. Brace and Mr. Hartshorn—the Miners' Federation has thrust this grievous calamity upon the nation. But again there is only one panacea—work. With a little more work and good-will on the part of the miners the output of coal could speedily be raised enough to knock a shilling or two off this increase. With the same increase of exertion in other industries outside the mines the causes tending to obstruct the smooth outflow of coal would also be remedied to a very large extent. Work and good-will can effect marvels. The British working classes have not lost their craftsmanship or their skill. But they have lost—though, as we hope, only temporarily—some of their readiness to put that skill into operation. The spirit in which man goes forth to labour in the morning is not a cheerful spirit. The spirit of modern industrialism seems to make a mock of the noble saying, *Laborare est orare*. Is it necessarily so? To admit that would, indeed, be to surrender all hope of industrial peace and a confession of pessimism just at the very moment when all classes of society are more generally anxious than ever before that no just demands on the part of Labour shall be refused, that no real grievance shall continue unredressed, and that the wage-earner shall receive a fairer share of the products of his industry and have a larger voice in determining the conditions in which he works.

Even if there were not this greater feeling of sympathy with and understanding of Labour, Labour itself is now quite well enough organised and sufficiently strong politically to enforce all its reasonable demands. If it seeks to go beyond what is reasonable and sets out to extort impossible terms from Capital, Labour will be the first to suffer, for it cannot cripple Capital without crippling itself. We will not attempt to define what is reasonable. It is much easier to say what is unreasonable, and there will be little hesitation in recognising as unreasonable to the highest degree the wide demands which are now being made for the nationalisation of the big industries of the country, especially when this is pressed most zealously by men whose political views are of the most extreme type and who make no secret that their ultimate object is the Social Revolution. The labour problem is not going to be solved by any facile, single-word formula like nationalisation. The solution lies, we repeat, in work and good-will. Changes in the existing system there must be, for change and adaptation are the symptoms of healthy growth. The changes already effected in the last ten years would have seemed incredible to the industrialists of an earlier generation, and the cult of the open mind—recently advocated by Lord Milner—is eminently desirable for all. But no system, however perfect, will avail without work. Victory has been won at a staggering price, which has to be paid, and the duty of all classes in the community, without exception, is to withhold nothing and make their fullest contribution. The fighting and the Peace celebrations alike are over. It is time to get back to work.

Our Frontispiece

AS frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE we print a portrait of Lady Phyllis King, who was presented at one of the recent Garden Parties. Lady Phyllis King is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



MASSED COLOURS IN THE PEACE MARCH.

COUNTRY NOTES

PEACE has been celebrated, and that worthily. The dreadful and tremendous events of the last five years have been so near to us that our puny vision is incapable of seeing them as a whole or as historians will see them in years to come. We have hardly yet realised that we have been helping in the most momentous making of history. But when, on Saturday last, the whole people joined in rejoicing, and a great chain of fire from hill to hill lit up the night, the least imaginative must have felt that here was a supreme and historic occasion that will be read of in books and looked at in pictures by unnumbered generations yet unborn. It is now eight months since the first outburst of joy and relief over the Armistice. That seems long ago to-day, and some people had feared that Saturday's celebrations might be something of an anti-climax; but their fears were proved groundless. Others feared the hurly-burly, and fled for quiet into the depths of the country. They will never realise what they missed; but every one of those who saw the great procession pass through the streets of London will be glad that he did so for the rest of his life.

THERE must have been thousands who set out on that Saturday morning with one particular desire that they had long wished to realise. It was, in three words, "to see Foch." There was no moment in the long passing of the procession so profoundly thrilling, so filled with the romantic feeling of expectation, as that in which the light blue coats and the red and white pennons of the French cavalry first came into view. There have been times this year, during some of the marches of soldiers through the streets, when fears have been expressed that Londoners had lost the power of cheering, even when they felt most. If anyone, over-anxious for the honour and hospitality of his city, had harboured this fear as regards London's reception of the great French soldier, it was quickly dispelled. His greeting was full of enthusiasm and it was full of respect; not even the most irrepressible of Cockney humorists, who spoke up undauntedly to almost everyone else in the procession, ventured on a sally, but only cheered his heart out. Marshal Foch scarcely turned to right or left, but looked straight in front of him with an air that had in it something wistful. To many, his demeanour must have typified that feeling of sadness which was blended with all the triumph and rejoicing. If we needed any warning "lest we forget," here we had it. It is something to have seen a great man, and that slight, spare, superbly dignified figure on the black horse will remain graven on many memories when the rest of the pageant has grown dim.

SIXTY pounders and even tanks rumbled, earth-shaking, through the streets of London, but there is one mighty engine of victory that cannot figure in a procession, and that is a man-o'-war. A long-overdue tribute was paid to the

officers and men of the Navy on Saturday, but those who would see the ships have had to go to Southend, and it was a felicitous notion to hold a naval pageant in this holiday home of so many Londoners. The fleet at Southend was one of many types, from the dreadnought to the destroyer, and a number of the ships were open to visitors. Among them were some the names of which all the world knows—the Queen Elizabeth, the Lion, the Tiger, and that mystery "flying ship," fearful and wonderful to behold, the Furious. Though we are an island race, how few of us all have ever been on a battleship! Every man-o'-war is, in fact, something of a "mystery ship" to the average man. After his years of service he knows a good deal about the Army, but little more about the Navy than he did in 1914. There hangs about it for him a wonderful glamour of romance, but it is greatly to be desired that he should know, not only the Navy of his dreams, but the real thing as well. The more he sees the more he will appreciate what the Navy has done for him in the last five years; the less he will need to be reminded in Sir David Beatty's memorable words, that "The British Empire lives by the sea."

SILENCES.

When kindly silence takes
Hold of the earth,
The soundless plenty makes
The mind no dearth;
And a sense more vivid wakes
Than pain or mirth.

Yet silences may fall
Upon the mind,
And the brain's voice no more call
The mind's eye blind;
And the soul in its inmost hall
Searches, and cannot find.

IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

IT is a bitterly ironical situation that at such a moment, when it is imperative to get back to hard workaday life, thousands of men should be refusing to work in the most vital of our industries, for coal is the keystone of our trade. Without it the manufactory must stand idle, the steamship rust useless at the docks. The miners declined to accept Mr. Bonar Law's offer, and the blow of those additional six shillings has fallen. That is bad; but infinitely worse is the conduct of the Yorkshire miners in leaving the mines to be flooded. This is sabotage none the less because it is passive; it is a policy of deliberate wrecking just as much as if the strikers were to derail a train or burn down a station. The unmeasured damage that might ensue it would be a waste of words to point out. The Government did promptly the

only possible thing in sending naval stokers to work the pumps, and whatever steps they may have to take in order to prevent irreparable disaster to the mines they will have the full force of public opinion at their backs. Indeed, out of the evil one good thing may come: the public may realise what it means for a single body to ride roughshod over the entire community. As regards the increase of price, which for the moment takes second place in gravity, there is one thing to be said: some steps should be taken to prevent those already holding large stocks from raising prices for those stocks, and thus, by an act of pure profiteering, putting six shillings a ton into their pockets. The increase should only apply to the newly gotten coal.

THE Committee appointed by the First Commissioner of Works to consider alterations in the gardens of Hampton Court Palace has now sent in its report. It seems rather a meagre result for so much collective wisdom. It may be epitomised by the phrase "As you were." That is, in a measure, satisfactory. We have learned to dread the dire results that so often follow the meddling of Government departments that we are inclined to accept, with a sigh of relief, any decision to leave alone. But it is petty. We pointed out on June 14th that a good opportunity had arisen for surveying the whole question on broad lines, so as to reach the best combination of historic continuity and present horticultural potentiality. This opportunity the Committee have thrown away. We suggested, in respect of the Great Fountain Garden, which is the principal area concerned, "pre-eminence of fine form and simple dignity for the central section, contrasting with as much varied floral interest and rich colour in the side sections as is compatible with the spirit of formalism which must be the dominant but not despotic note. An enhanced general effect with a curtailed wages list might thus be attained." How this might be reached was indicated in a general manner, without the presumption of laying down the law and fixing details. That was for the experts appointed *ad hoc* to work out. They appear to have shirked the job and followed the safe path of "masterly inactivity." The French have a good word for such actions. It is *mesquin*.

OUR views on the telephone are apt to fluctuate considerably, according to our good or bad fortune on our last encounter with that instrument. If we have twice been put on to a wrong number, or cut off in the midst of an important conversation, or have been called up only to be greeted with: "Sorry you've been troubled," why, then we are apt to break out into unmeasured abuse. But, however gloomy we feel on the subject, we ought to derive some faint ray of hope from the Postmaster-General's speech in the House of Commons. Mr. Illingworth, at any rate, admitted that there was room for improvement, and from this properly humble frame of mind much may come. Sixty thousand telephones have been put in, he tells us, since the Armistice, and that is something. For some shortcomings he pleaded that universal excuse, the war, and doubtless not without justification. It appears that in 1915 less than 4 per cent. of those employed in the exchanges had under six months' experience. To-day, 25 per cent. are in this position, and, even as soldiers had to be thrust into the trenches after a brief intensive training, so girls have, perforce, been passed to the exchanges after but a few weeks in the schools. For ourselves, we have never indulged in those imaginary pictures of telephone girls reading novelettes and being deliberately negligent: and have always been devoutly thankful we had not their thankless job. But while we may sympathise, we must still insist that there is very great scope for improvement. The present telephone service is not a good advertisement for any system of nationalisation.

LAST Saturday's procession introduced us to two medal ribbons which will soon become very familiar, since some millions of our sailors and soldiers, airmen, nurses and other women workers will be entitled to wear them. One, to be seen as yet only on the breasts of American soldiers, was the double rainbow ribbon of the Victory medal issued by all the Allies. The other was the orange and blue and black of the British general service war medal. This medal will be given only to those who went abroad. Those who stayed at home may get another medal, but it will not be the same one. Many who stayed would have liked to have gone: there may be a measure of hard luck, but there must always be luck in regard to medals, and the decision is a wise one and will give general satisfaction. We have sometimes thought that the less bright intellects of the Army were

devoted to this question of ribbons. It was, for example, an amazing decision that allotted the same red, white and blue to the 1915 as well as to the 1914 star. Again, there are too many ribbons very nearly identical in colour. Those of the V.C., the C.B., the Victorian Order and the Long Service and Good Conduct medal could at one time be easily mistaken for one another, though the miniature cross on the V.C. ribbon and the white edging to that of the Long Service ribbon have now made some distinction. Even so, there seems to be a certain poverty of invention. There is an enormous number of possible combinations of colours, as we can see from all the different colours of schools and colleges and clubs; and the inventors, when wholly bereft of ideas, might gain inspiration from the nearest cricket match.

THE immortal "W. G.," whose "Memorial Biography" we review this week, played for the Gentlemen against the Players, both at the Oval and Lord's, when he was only sixteen. He, however, so towered above ordinary mankind that no standard of comparison can be drawn from his achievements, and so the appearance of the University College Schoolboy, Mr. G. T. S. Stevens, for the Gentlemen at Lord's was a real event in cricket history. Mr. Stevens had already played for Middlesex and bowled brilliantly. For the Gentlemen he had no success with the ball, but played a sprightly and confident innings at a difficult moment, when veteran batsmen were "scraping" for runs. It is almost a pity that he is such a good batsman, for his two talents must be apt to war against one another, and the Gentlemen always need bowlers. A poet of long ago declared that they would hardly win the match again "till they found another bowler such as glorious Alfred Mynn." That was altogether too pessimistic a prophecy. They have some very good bowlers now, when the wickets are hard. At the Oval, on a soft ground, the professional batsmen enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Not so at Lord's, when Major J. W. H. T. Douglas took eight of their wickets at but a small cost. This was a splendid exhibition of untiring skill, and the spectators who had just before jeered at his sturdy "stone-walling" felt, we may hope, thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

EVENING ON A SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD MINE.

Above a waste of rusty iron up-tower
Huge mine-dumps, cream and pearl and grey,
The dusty distance flushes like a flower.

A troop of chattering native boys pad by,
Their well knit bodies shamed by rags,
A gum-tree droops against vast depths of sky.

The gaunt machinery forgets itself, to change
Into a city wrought of gold,
Some fabled fairy town, remote and strange.

Even the dingy store forgets its trade
And glows all golden to the sight. . . .
The silence deepens and the colours fade—
Down falls the spangled night.

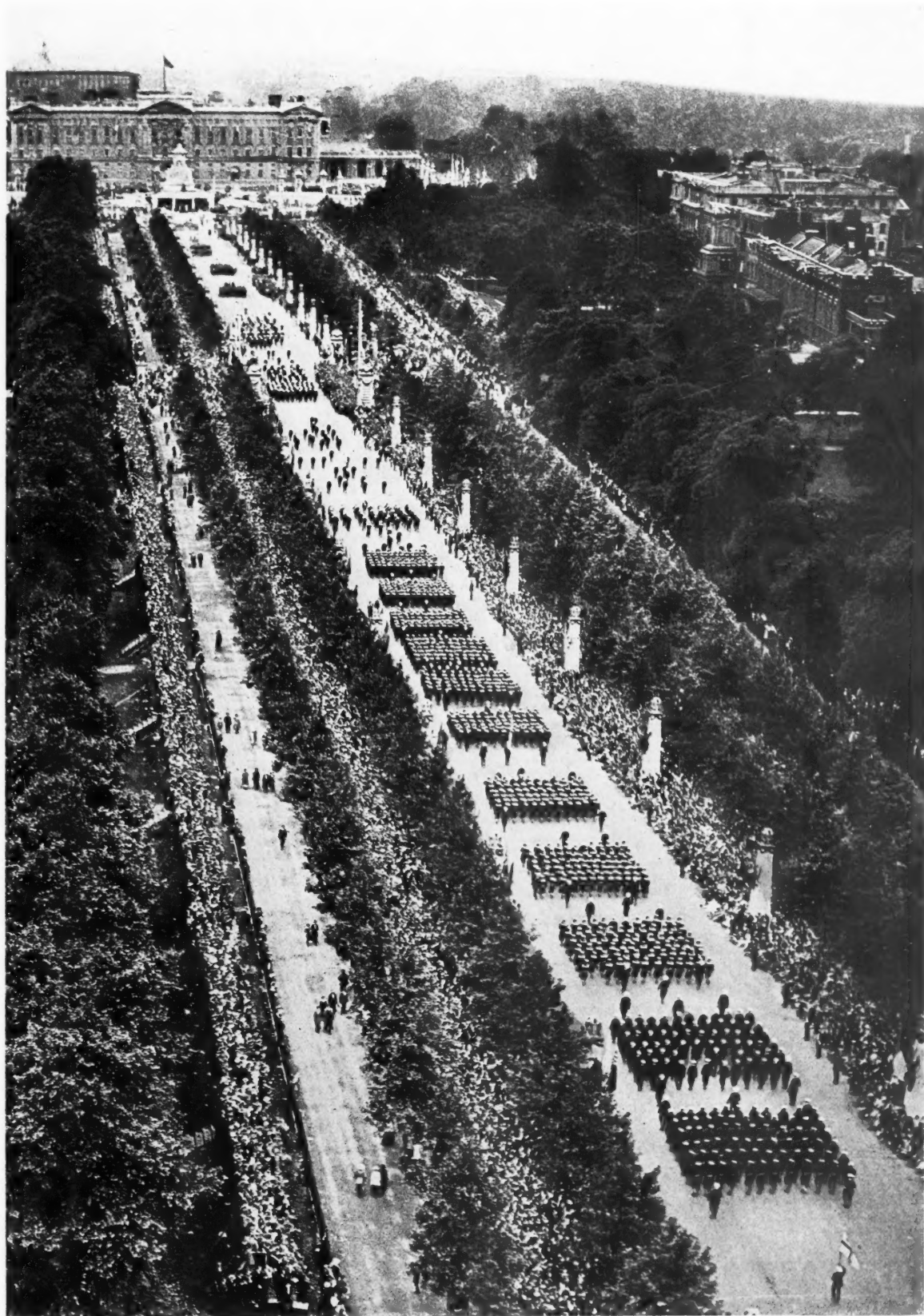
CYRIL DE MONTJOIE RUDOLF.

"JIMMY" WILDE has attained almost to the position of a national institution, and his victory over the American, "Pal" Moore, after a gallant battle, honourable to both sides, was enormously popular. The fact that, unless he would sigh in vain for fresh worlds to conquer, he must always give weight away, naturally attracts to Wilde the public sympathy and liking. They are attracted to him, moreover, by his modesty and quietness of demeanour. "This is the grave-digger," said Hickman, the Gas Light Man, as Hazlitt tells us, flourishing his terrible right hand. It is a form of bombast to which the heroes of the ring are sometimes prone; but Wilde has been ever conspicuously free from it. While in the prime of his skill he has already become something of a legend, and there hangs about him a little of the glamour that belongs to the heroes of a hundred years ago. Gentleman Jackson; Dan Mendoza, with his long, black hair; Jim Belcher, with his blue bird's-eye handkerchief; John Gully and Tom Cribb—these must always be romantic figures. Possibly distance of time lends some little enchantment to our view of them; but distance of space did not do the same to the recent heavy-weight fight between Dempsey and Willard at Toledo. The accounts of the huge purse, the cinematograph rights, the prices paid by the crowd for its seats and its food, and so forth—all seemed rather blatant and sordid. We have no desire to see the same sort of thing in this country.

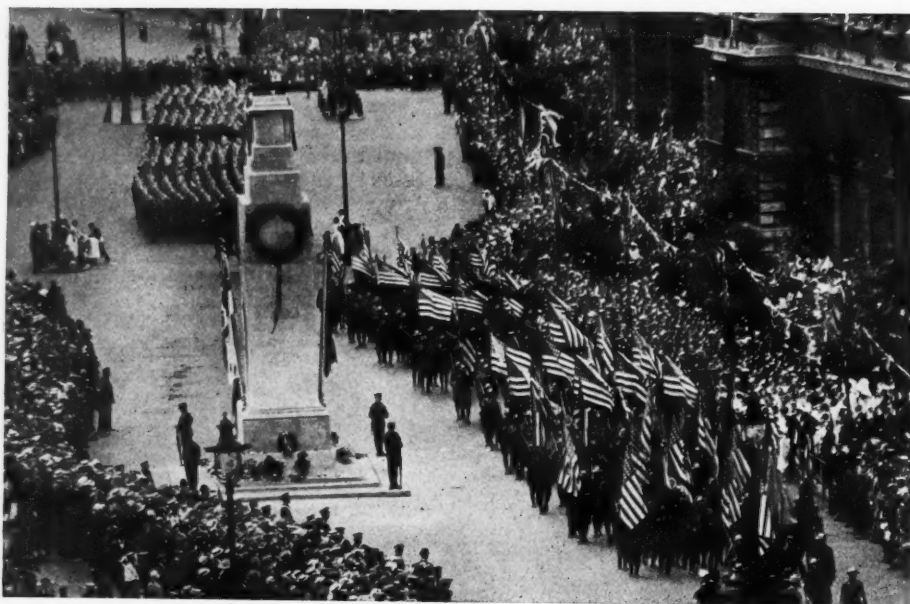
THE GREAT PROCESSION

FOR hard upon two hours the great procession wound its way through the London streets last Saturday. During all that time the spectators remained with eyes riveted; their enthusiasm never even faltered; the cheering never died away. Once upon a time those great waves of infantry, following one on the other, all of the same dull khaki, might have seemed a little monotonous; but to-day we have come to love khaki, and we know the Army as we never knew it before. Every battalion had

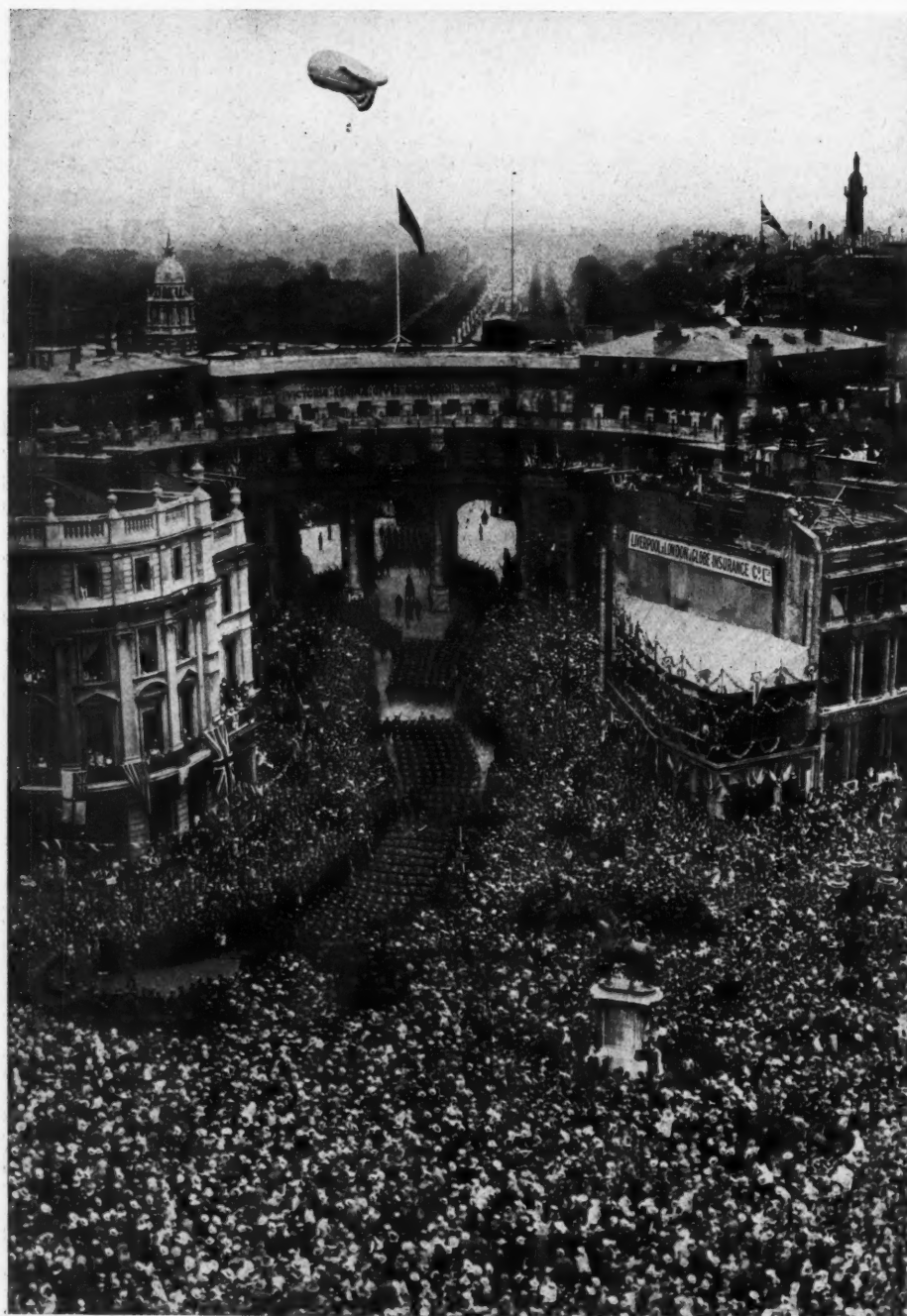
friends in the crowd, men who had served in it and still wore its badges in their buttonholes. As each one passed there was always someone to raise the cry: "Well done, Sixtieth!" or "Good old Essex!" and so on, through all the regiments of the British Army. The touching splendour of the massed colours, the thunderous onslaught of the tanks and heavy guns, the gorgeousness of the Life Guards' Band, newly reborn—these things would have thrilled the crowd at any time, and did so most profoundly on Saturday. The march of the



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AMERICA'S TRIBUTE TO THE GLORIOUS DEAD.



AT THE ADMIRALTY ARCH.

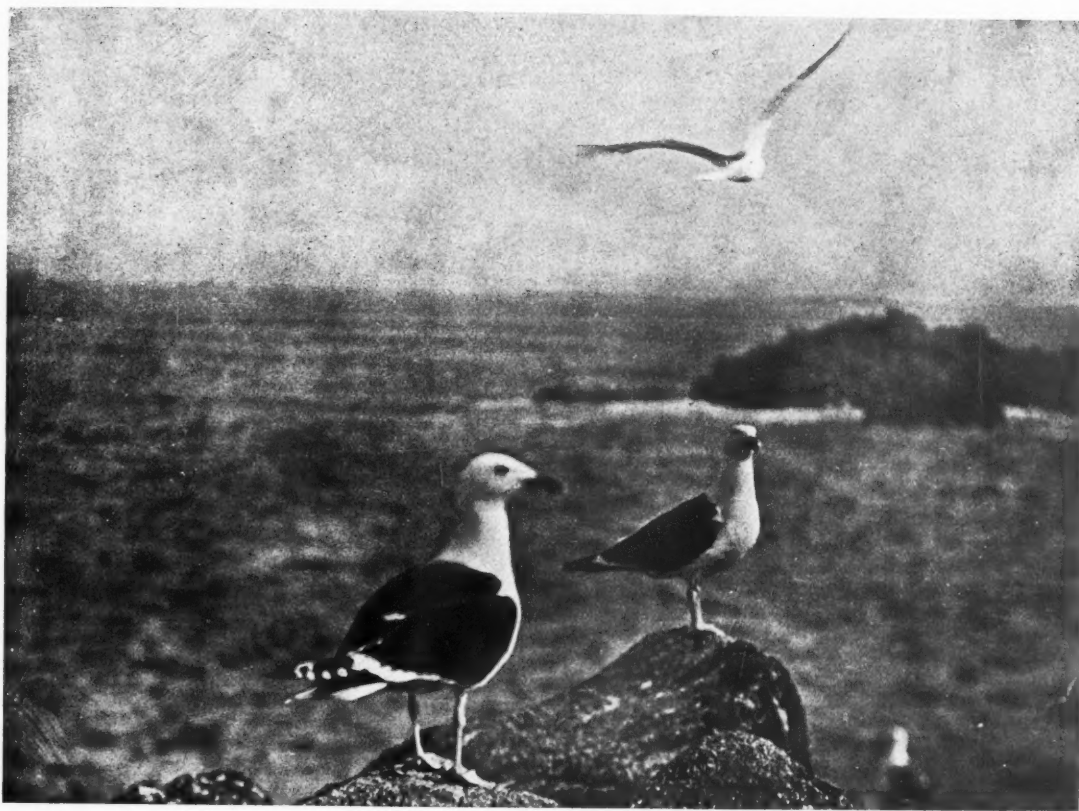
Some of the seven-mile crowd watching the seven-mile procession.

women, too, was a wonderful sight such as no London pageant has seen before.

But if it be not invidious to make comparisons, the two deepest impressions were made by the Navy and by the detachments from the Armies of the Allies. Our welcome to the Navy has been long if inevitably overdue, and, getting its chance at last, London rose to the occasion. Sir David Beatty has a natural genius for the picturesque; he lives up to the innumerable portraits of him that we have seen for the last five years, so that there is scarcely a child however small that would not scream his name if it saw him in the distance. He made a superb figure, marching at the head of his men, the ideal of the dashing, fighting sailor; and the long rows of clean-shaven, weather-beaten faces that came after had character and courage written in every line. Not less striking were the men who followed the big garish banner of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union—a rough-hewn, heterogeneous body, lacking the smartness of the Royal Navy, but falling no whit short in dogged bravery of any body of men of any nation that have served in the war.

There was, naturally, intense curiosity to see the soldiers of all the Allies. The supreme moment was, of course, that in which Marshal Foch came by, baton in hand, at the head of the French troops; and, indeed, of all the armies in the world, the French have pre-eminently the gift of bringing a lump to the throat. But in every detachment that passed by there was something distinctive, stirring. The Americans were a magnificent body of men, young and strapping. They made the Belgians, who followed them, look something short and squat by comparison. Yet how sturdy and hard and untiring those Belgians looked, and how smilingly cheerful! How defiantly their bugles blew! The crowd were fond of them on the instant. There were no finer men than the Serbs, tall and dark and handsome; no one more courtly and dignified than the Italian General, who acknowledged the cheering with graceful waves of his sword. The Japanese officer on horseback, bearing aloft his standard, made a most picturesque figure; so did the Chinese General, sparkling with medals, marvellously passive and unmoved, staring straight ahead of him as if into the infinite. It was all very memorable and wonderful: none the less so because we all devoutly hope that never again in our time will there be cause to celebrate Peace.

A W.R.E.N.'S NIGHT WITH THE GULL ROYAL FAMILY



ALOOF AND DIGNIFIED.

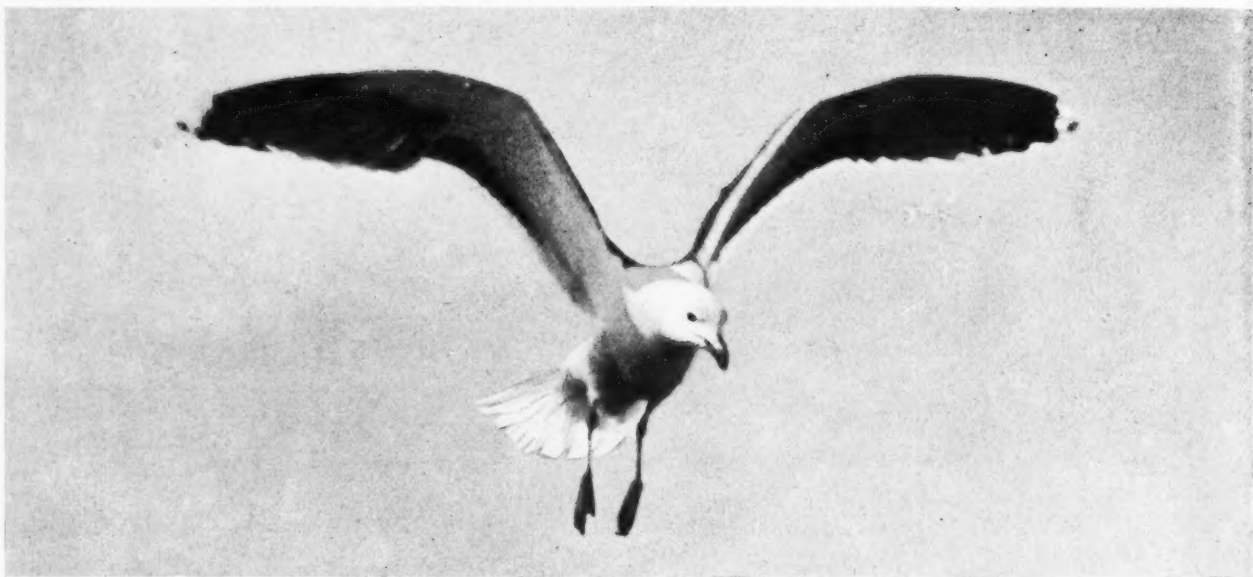
THERE is a small island down in the West, thirty miles or more from the mainland, where the greater black-backed gulls dwell during the spring and summer months. It is no more than a barren rock about half an acre in extent, with patches of sea-pinks and red mallows growing in the more sheltered places. The island is protected by a fringe of half-sunken rocks washed by strong tides. The sea flings itself with tremendous violence against the larger rocks, receding in swirls of green and white water, so that it is only in exceptionally calm weather that a landing can be made there. The gulls in consequence are very little disturbed during their nesting

season, and treat their visitors with a dignified tolerance, so long as they themselves receive the respect due to them.

For a long time we had wished to spend the night there, and this year determined to make the attempt. We were lucky in our weather, a calm sea for our landing, no wind, a clear sky with no trace of possible fog before morning, and a full moon. Most of the gulls had hatched off; the mottled grey and black chicks from a day to a fortnight or so old were hiding as much of themselves as possible in the crannies of the rocks, so that it was difficult to see them. Less than half a dozen nests still had eggs in them, and in most of those the chicks could be heard "peeping" in the shells.



THE NEST IN THE CLEFT.



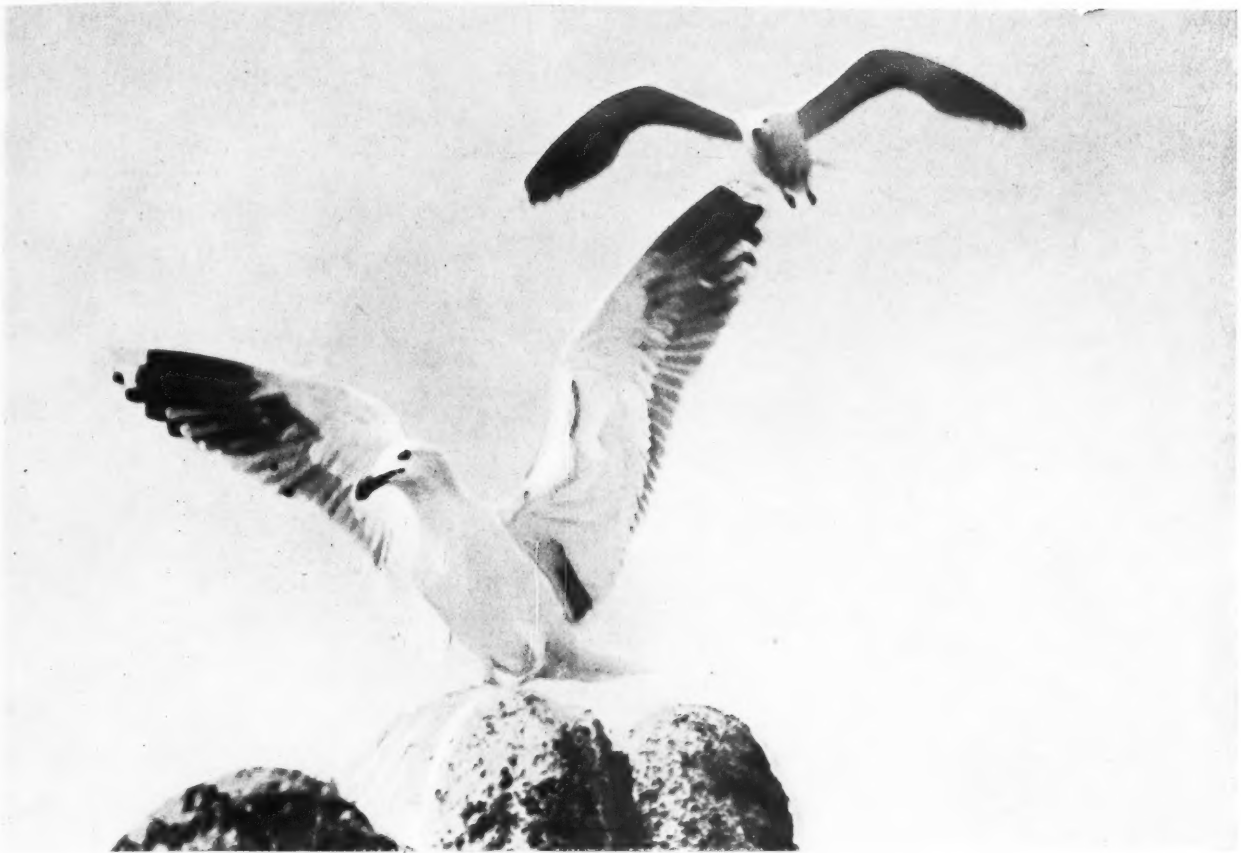
"SAILING WITH SUPREME DOMINION."



HOME AGAIN.



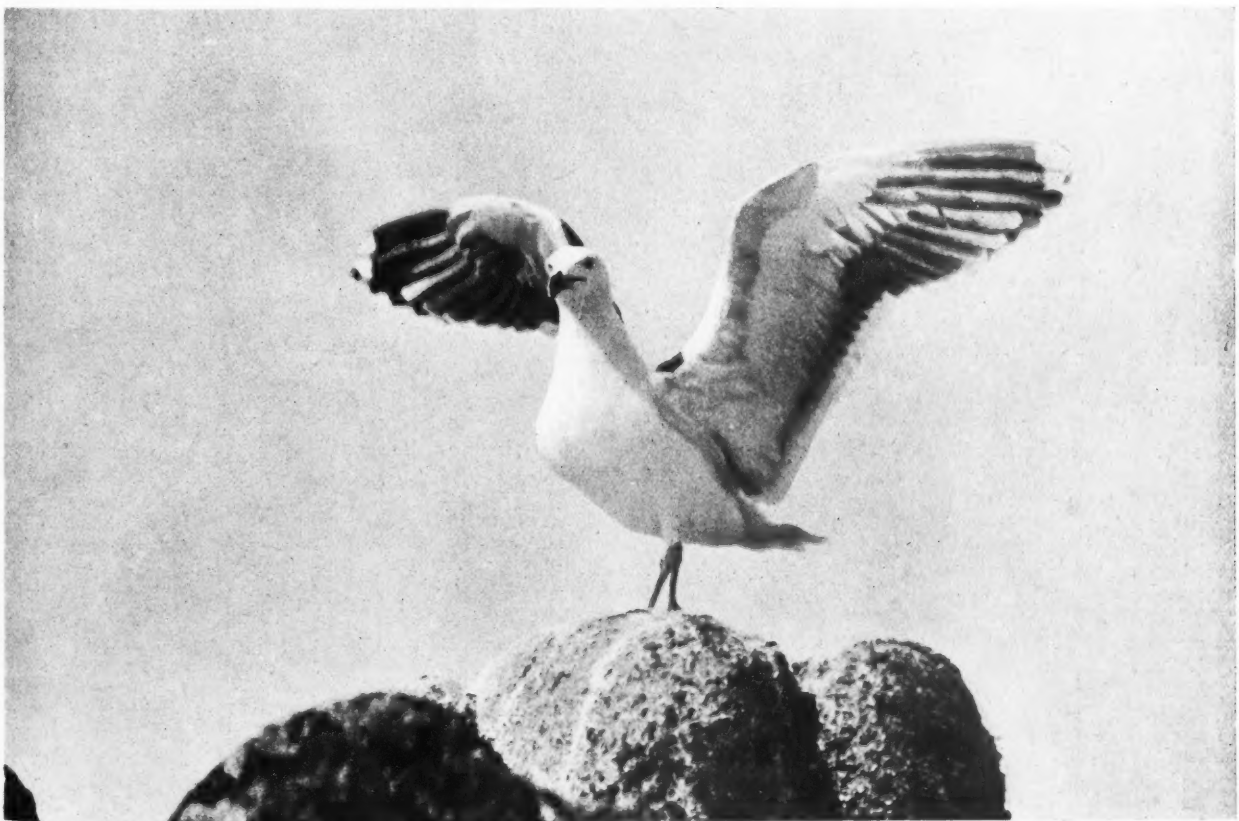
THE GREAT STRETCH OF HIS WINGS.



ROYAL SELF-SATISFACTION.

The greater black-backs are certainly the royal family among gulls. There is something so aloof and dignified about them. They are never fussy or excited like their smaller brethren, but serene and calm always, seemingly so sure of themselves. When one watches one of these great birds standing on a pinnacle rock, surveying the world around him, he looks every inch a king. His stretch of wing is 6ft. from point to point, and when alighting on his rock he will keep his wings outspread for a fraction of a second before he folds them up, whereby, I fancy, his majesty has

quite a good idea of his own extreme beauty and wishes to impress you therewith. He is merciless in his strength, however, and kills smaller birds for food, besides, one is told, weakly lambs. The birds I can vouch for, as I have seen the gulls pull puffins from their nesting holes, carry them to a high rock, and deliberately drop them on to the stones below to kill them. Young chicks, belonging, we hope, to other families than their own, they will tear in pieces and eat—no doubt they are a welcome change in a constant diet of fish. Perhaps in consequence of this leaning towards



MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS.



THE FORWARD SWEEP OF THE WINGS.

cannibalism, very few other birds were found nesting on the island with the greater black-backed gulls.

A few pairs of herring gulls and lesser black-backs were among the smaller ledges of rocks, and two or three pairs of razorbills. The latter know they can dive down their crevices between the rocks on the shortest possible notice, and however sleepy they may appear elsewhere, I have never seen them other than very wide awake among the big gulls. During the daytime the birds were passing to and fro upon their lawful occasions, more or less on the move all the time; but as evening approached they stood about on the rocks, calling to each other and waiting for their chicks to come to be fed. They came out of their hiding places about six o'clock, and as the parent birds always returned to the same rocks when coming in from the sea, the chicks were probably hiding nearby. The chicks were always fed by regurgitation the gulls never carried any food in their bills. The very young ones received lumps of soft grey matter — older chicks I have seen fed with a partially digested fish, which the parent held for the chicks to peck at, then re-swallowed it. Later they were fed with small fish

about 4ins. long, which were swallowed whole. The big gulls left their families to shift for themselves after they were a few days old, taking very little notice of them except at feeding time, never brooding them as most birds do, however cold and comfortless they might appear to be.

If one has only been able to watch birds during the daytime, a late evening or early morning is a complete revelation. Birds seem to lose their fear of man as the evening approaches; the shadows bring a delightful sense of brooding peace and security. The twilight right out at sea is very short, broad daylight merging almost straightway into darkness, and this soft darkness being shortly dispelled by the moon. The birds went about their own affairs, taking no notice of us as long as we remained quiet.

Feeding their hungry chicks was their chief concern; some were flying backwards and forwards from the sea, and some washing in the seaweedy pools among the rocks. They kept up a general conversation among themselves, varying the notes from a deep soft growl to a loud determined bark. They were never silent by day or night; one bird or other was always calling, and sometimes they all



"AND ALL THE ROYAL FAMILY."

joined in a noisy chorus. A hubbub of this description occurred just before one o'clock in the morning; I looked through a slit in my hiding tent, but could see no apparent reason for the disturbance. The gulls were flying about like huge white moths, though not so silently, the noise of the great wings sounding like tearing silk. The moon being full, it was almost as light as day, and as she was extraordinarily red, there was a lovely rosy glow over everything, even to the white breasts and underparts of the birds. It was curious to see how they maintained their rigidly upright position all through the night, standing to attention all the time on their various rocks, sometimes two together, but as often one bird alone. The dawn broke very quickly, bringing with it a rising sea and wetting mist of spray as the great waves dashed themselves against the rocks, but this turmoil, fortunately for us, subsided

as the tide went out. The little gulls were given an early breakfast about five o'clock, then cuddled into their corners and went to sleep. The old birds flew off to sea, to return later to sit on the rocks again and talk to each other.

A rock pipit just above my tent commenced its morning song about 5.30. It was surprising to hear such full, beautiful notes from a bird which usually contents itself with a hurried "pip pip" as it flies from rock to rock.

We were very sorry when our fishermen fetched us off the following morning. It had been a most wonderful night among those great gulls. We felt as if we had paid a brief visit to fairyland, as there was certainly something very bewitching in that rosy moonlight, which took away all fear from the birds and gave them a friendliness and confidence towards us that vanished again in the prosaic light of day.

M. G. S. BEST.

JUBILEE OF GIRTON COLLEGE

A LANDMARK IN WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

BY AN OLD STUDENT.

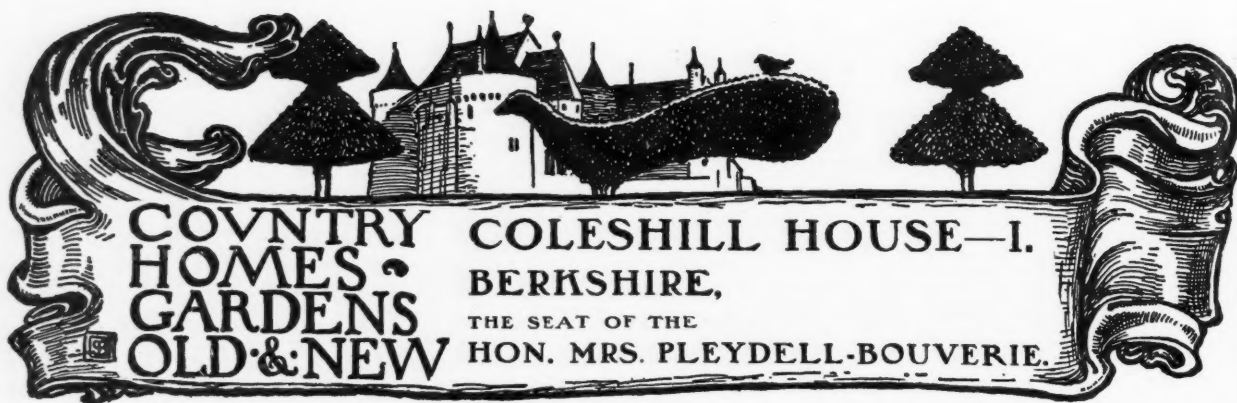
FIFTY years ago University education for women began with the opening of Girton College, and by 1880 about thirty women had taken the courses and attained the standard of a degree. People still assumed that a woman student would be grotesque, but the real Girtonians looked like the girl of 1880 in "Milestones," though with cheaper clothes, and were quite as girlish as she. Unassuming, conscientious young creatures, few of them had been at good schools, which were rarities then. The years at College were an apprenticeship, often an anxious one, since most of them were to be teachers in girls' schools, with perhaps £80 a year to start with and those horrible piles of copy books to correct in the evening. Often some of the £80 would have to go to help the family at home. How strange that their modest ambitions had been opposed as wild, unpractical, almost lunatic! Without women of University training as teachers what would have come of the education in girls' schools?

The life was quiet enough, with lectures, lawn tennis, and an occasional outing in Cambridge if you had family friends there, or could get the kind company of one of the "recognised chaperones." Visitors were few. We were so monastic that even a brother might not be given a cup of tea. But the sense of freedom and College friends were the joy of life. We had had no such experience of independence, let alone authority, as a sixth form boy has at a public school, and the happiness of being almost your own mistress in your own two rooms was immense. There were few rules. We were too good to need them. You could go to bed when you liked—or not go, and vigils were spent in talking over free will and limitations, poverty and the organisation of society as seriously as if the future depended on us. The talk did at least help to shape life for us and to exercise our young minds. Any larger social life was hardly formed. There were few societies among the sixty students. No fellowships had been founded—there was no money to spare. Debates languished from shyness. Bicycles were not invented, and it was a couple of miles to Cambridge. The library was contained in a little ordinary room. But from the beginning the friends of the struggling College, for whose honoured names I have no space, and the old students were generous, if they were not millionaires, generous both of work and money. The domestic ways were neither so luxurious nor so uncomfortable as those of undergraduates. We gave no luncheons. All meals were in hall, except for the trays bearing scores of cups of afternoon tea. But there were bathrooms, then I believe unknown to the undergraduates, and other advantages from women's management.

I hope it is understood that we were not, and present Girton students are not undergraduates. There are real University women at London, at Manchester, at Leeds, everywhere but at Oxford and Cambridge. At the old Universities women, however distinguished, are still not admitted to degrees. They "attain the standard" of a degree and usually of a class in honours, but they and their Colleges are outside the University privileges, a disability which is serious in many ways. The Senior Wrangler may have felt uncomfortable about his title in the year when the "standard attained" by Miss Fawcett of Newnham was "above the Senior Wrangler." Was he not in the order

of nature Second Wrangler? In another year there was a like occurrence in Classics; the men were excelled by Miss Ramsay of Girton, who afterwards married the Master of Trinity. A general comparison shows that the women's colleges have done as well as could possibly be expected, considering their size, age and other conditions. One student I remember, now a very distinguished classical archaeologist, who did not begin Latin or Greek until she entered Girton; and anyone who knows the standard of senior schoolboys will realise the weight of such a handicap and the merit of overcoming it.

Times are changed now. Remembering our inexpensive appearance, I am recurrently amazed at the beauty of the old court on a summer evening when overflowed after hall by a large crowd of gracefully attired young women in bright colours, some strolling in groups, some playing tennis. The College could no longer be compared with an unfinished workhouse. It has developed in size and dignity. There are a new hall, two fine libraries, a glorious kitchen, and all the marks of a busy and very happy community. While the standard of work is higher, the life is social in a larger and more intelligent way, brighter, fuller, more stimulating. The College is still poor, but some fellowships and studentships exist. Societies are many, debates lively, and bicycles have brought the interests of Cambridge within easy reach. New customs allow more acquaintance with University men. The want of previous training, the absence of the long-established intellectual traditions of the older Colleges are far less felt. More women now enter who need not train for livelihood. Not that early students did not love learning for its own sake, and gain mental power and ripeness of personality, but few of them were picked women. Their hope is to see the time when it shall be a matter of course for the daughters of the most intellectually distinguished families, women who inherit brains, to have as good an education as their own brothers. Is literature, are modern and ancient languages, history, science not worth three or four half-years' work at the receptive age after school? College takes only six months in the year, and a bright girl will get enough reading in the vacations and still keep her place at home. Of late years the demand has been such that large numbers of promising students have had to be refused. Names have to be put down beforehand, and girls are expected to pass the Previous Examination of the University, now well within the scope of school work, before entering. All Girton women read for honours; women are not, and have never wished to be, admitted to the examinations for the ordinary degree. If no Mme. Curie has made Girton famous, valuable work, much of it of a highly technical kind, has been done by old students. During the war they have been working as technical assistants at the Air Board, as assistants in pathology, bacteriology and X-ray work at hospitals, in statistical work, etc., not to speak of administrative and organising work in hospitals and elsewhere, and of medical and clerical work. There were too few University women for war work, there are too few for the work to be done now, but it should not take a national emergency to teach us that cultivated brains are good for reasons better than the greatest direct utility alone.

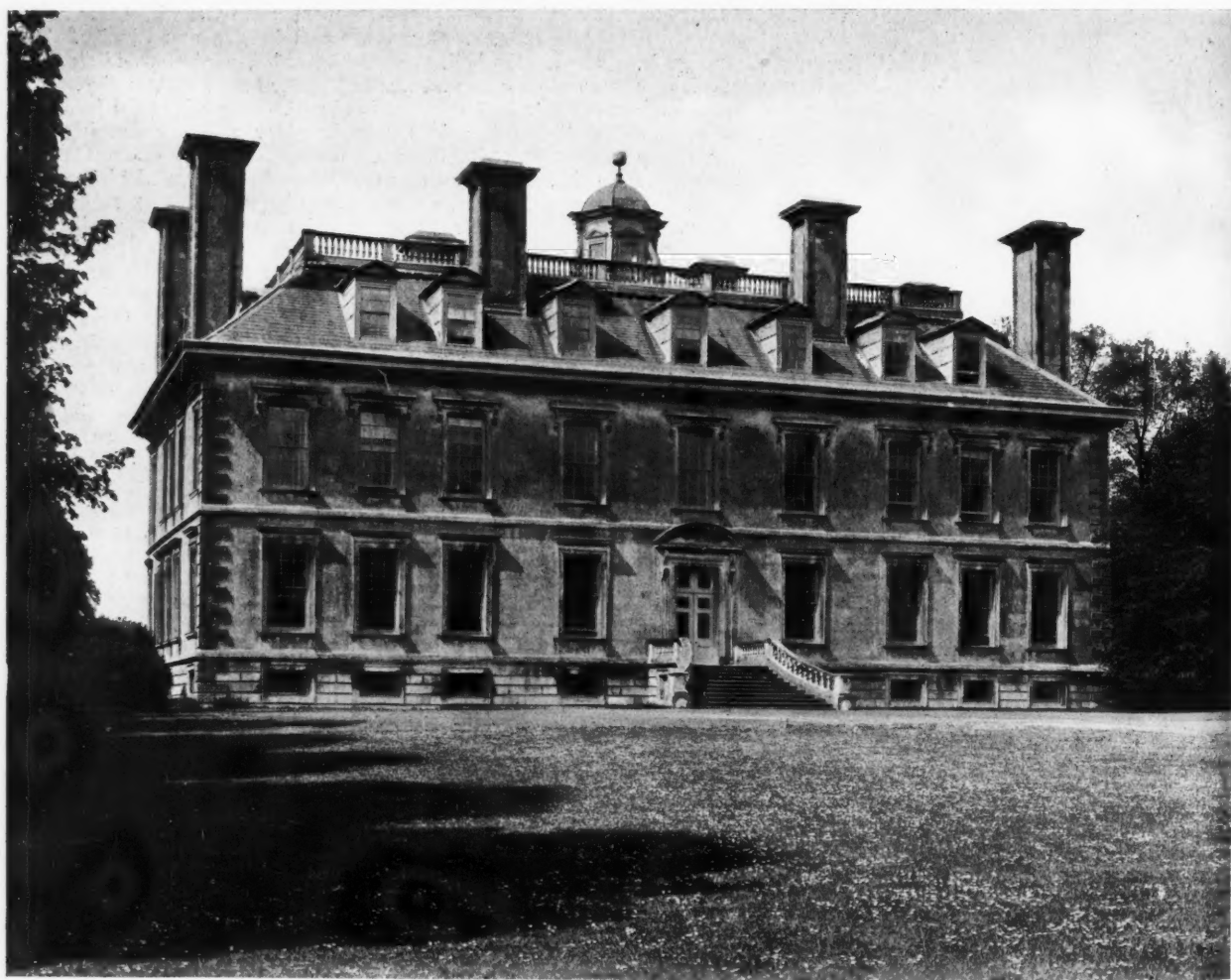


A TABLET set up in Coleshill House in 1748 declares that it was "built for Sir Geo. Pratt Bart in 1650 by Inigo Jones." And, moreover, we read in the fifth volume of the *Vitruvius Britannicus*, published in 1771, "It is perhaps the most perfect work now remaining of that great Architect, Inigo Jones, having undergone no alteration since the year 1650 when it was completed." The *Vitruvius Britannicus* adopted the information of the tablet, and the author of the tablet was Sir George Pratt's great grandson, Sir Mark Pleydell, a collector of family memorials and the owner of Coleshill for forty years, during which the leaders of the English Architectural School—Campbell and Gibbs, Kent and Ware among professionals, and the Earls of Burlington and Leicester among wealthy amateurs—founded their faith upon Inigo Jones. The two Earls were consulted by Sir Mark on the matter of reparations, and Burlington was so enamoured of the ceilings that he "had for his own study, very correct drawings taken by Mr. Isaac Ware."

Here we seem to get right away from the casual and unsupported phrase, "attributed to Inigo Jones," which we find loosely applied to an endless number of English country houses, and we are surely on the solid foundation of

reliable evidence. As such it was adopted by Messrs. Belcher and Macartney in their "Later Renaissance Architecture in England," and by Messrs. Triggs and Tanner in their "Inigo Jones"; while Mr. Gotch, in his recently published "The English Home from Charles I to George IV," tells us that Coleshill is "attributed to Inigo Jones on fairly good evidence," and adds: "In any case it must have been either Jones or Webb who designed Coleshill, for there was nobody else who had at that time received the training necessary to produce it." But after the body of the book had passed through the press, material became known to Mr. Gotch which quite cut away the grounds of this pronouncement, although the only modification he makes in an Appendix is to admit that "there is no doubt that Roger Pratt had something to do with Coleshill." As a matter of fact the "something" was very considerable, for Pratt had more "to do with Coleshill" than Jones.

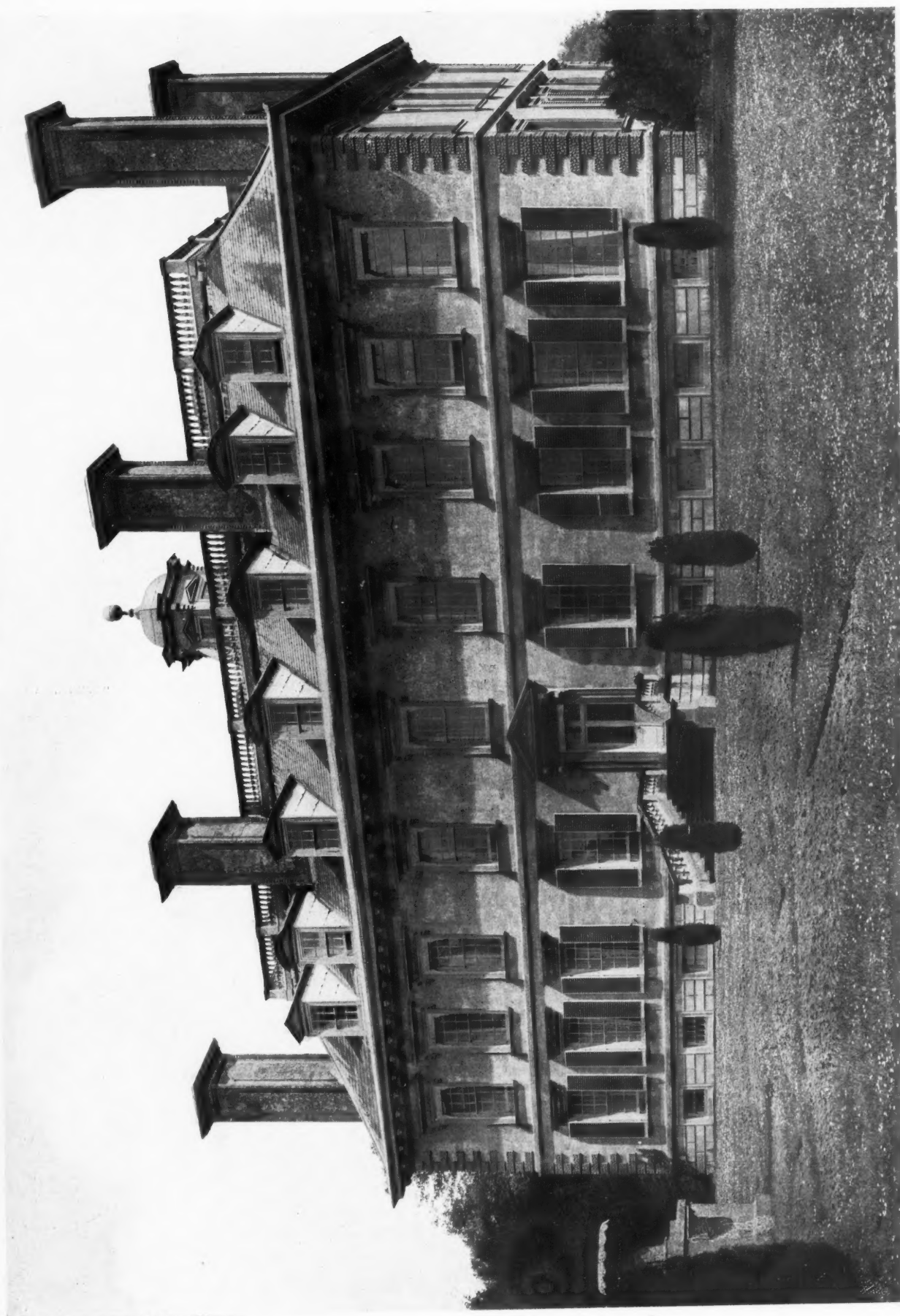
If we now run through all available evidence, there will arise the conviction that Inigo Jones certainly had an advisory position, but that Sir Roger Pratt was the acting and active architect. Let us first see who were the two Pratts—Sir George and Sir Roger—and what was their respective connection with Coleshill, or Cowsell, as they were wont to spell it.



Copyright.

1.—THE EAST OR ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE WEST OR GARDEN FRONT

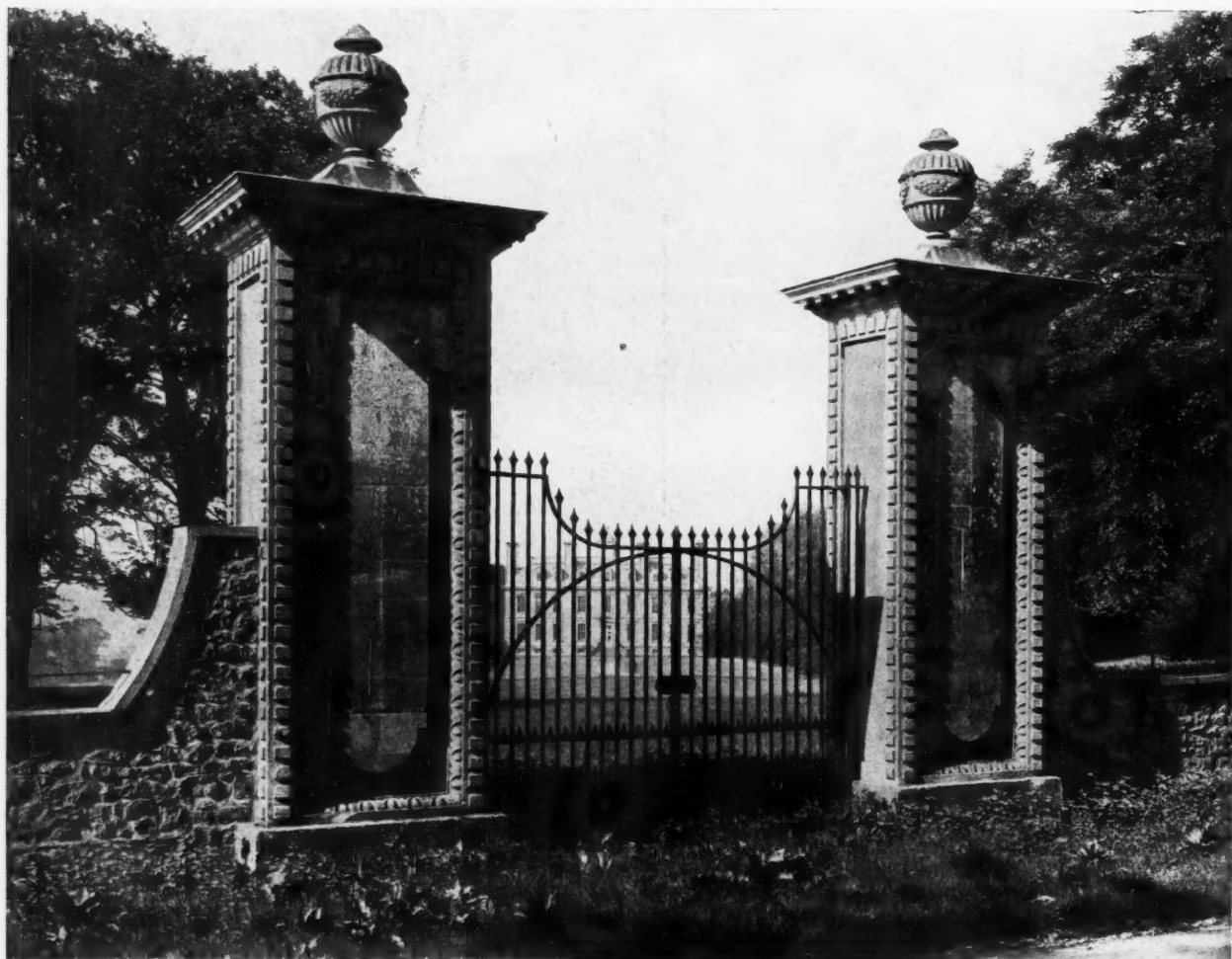
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3.—THE GREAT PIERS. PARK SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



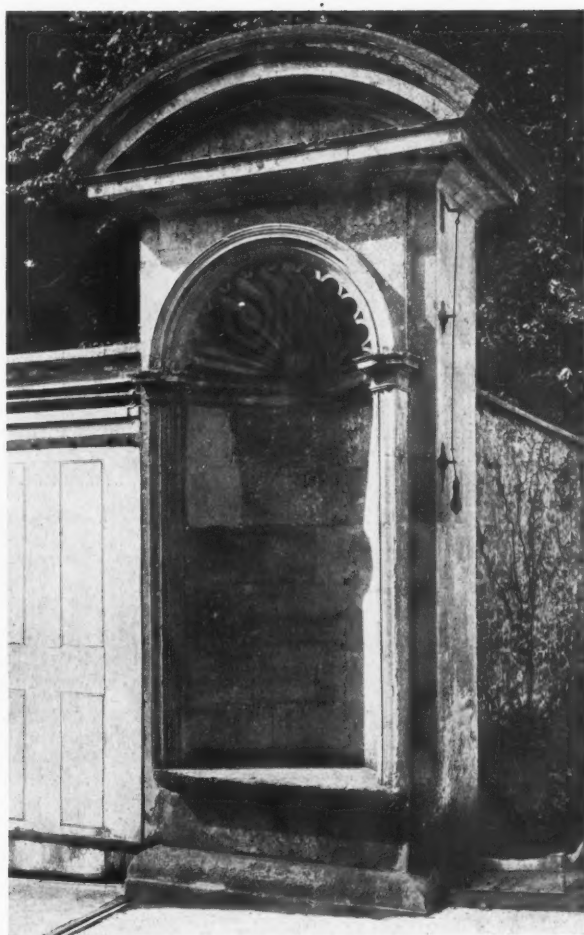
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4.—THE GREAT PIERS. ROAD SIDE, WITH EAST SIDE OF THE HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

"C.L."



5.—ONE OF THE OUTER PAIRS OF PIERS ON THE DRIVE.



6.—ONE OF THE PIERS AT THE YARD ENTRANCE.



Copyright.

7.—THE TWO SETS OF GATE PIERS ON THE DRIVE.

5

"COUNTRY LIFE."

They are very similar except that the inner ones, here shown, are rusticated while the outer ones by the road are not.

To a Norfolk man, but a Cirencester clothier, named Pratt was born, in 1573, a son, whom he christened Henry, and in due course apprenticed in the Company of Merchant Taylors. He grew to be a wealthy citizen and Alderman of London, and, like many another successful City merchant, sought to invest his gains in real estate near his place of origin. Coleshill lies some fifteen miles south-west of Cirencester, and he became its owner in 1626. Two years later he was Warden of his Company, and in 1641, on his resigning his aldermanship, was made a baronet. Sir Mark Pleydell, whom we have already seen owning Coleshill from 1728 to 1768, was his great-great-grandson, and as a youngster heard from Mary Stewart, an aged relative, that: "Sr H. Pratt Alder^m was a lusty Man, as she has heard. He lived in y^e City; but several years before his death he quitted his business & resided partly at Coleshill & partly at his house at Charing Cross. The Marble Statues at y^e Monument in y^e Chancell resembled him & his wife exactly. That monument was erected by him in his lifetime." The old manor house in which he ended his days in 1647 was near the church and here

passed y^e Evenings in his study where he had many books & read much."

His wild oats had evidently all been sown early, for this is the picture of a sober minded, thrifty country gentleman, doing his duty but seeing to his dues. It would seem that he was a man of moderate fortune, so that the burning down of the old home and the building of a new one, which soon took very ample proportions, was a considerable strain on his resources, although it was quite a dozen years in progress. Among other things, the *Vitruvius Britannicus* is wrong in stating that it was completed in 1650. That was about the time of its inception, and the man who carved the staircase did not finish his job and send in his bill till 1662.

Sir George began by choosing his site, either acting as his own architect or employing a quite unimportant person in that capacity. But after he had commenced operations it appears that his cousin Roger, recently returned from Italy, persuaded him to begin again on another place and plan. As Sir Mark Pleydell afterwards records, "Sr G. Pratt began a Seat in y^e prest Cucumber Garden & raised



8.—THE CUPOLA, GIVING ON TO THE CENTRAL LEAD FLAT OR "PLATFORM," OUTSIDE WHICH RISE THE EIGHT CHIMNEY STACKS.

his son George established himself. He was born in 1605 and from Oxford passed to Gray's Inn, but we hear nothing of either a professional or of a business career. Indeed, his way of life as a young man appears to have caused Sir Henry some concern, for Mary Stewart reports that: "He had lost considerable sums in Gaming, as had his brother Richard, w^{ch} had made y^e Alderman threaten them to sell y^e Estate and build Almshouses." Although this crisis was not reached, his present circumstances and his uncertain prospects kept him a bachelor as long as his father lived; but so soon as Coleshill was his he married a young girl, one of the sixteen children of another Berkshire baronet, Sir Humphrey Forster of Aldermaston. Mary Stewart informs Sir Mark that Sir George was "a thin man of middle stature: he was elderly whⁿ his father died. Y^e House was burned down soon after his marriage; he was 30y^{rs} older than my lady. When she remembers him he wore his own grey hair: he lett his farms himself and was reputed a sharp M^a. He acted on y^e Comⁿ of y^e peace and used to attend y^e Sessions. He us^d to walk every day thro' y^e Mount to Shortcross Stile where he had a Seat & used to say there was y^e best air in England. He

it one Story, when Pratt & Jones arriving caus^d it to be pulled down & rebuilt where it now stands. Pratt and Jones were frequently here & Jones was also consulted ab^t y^e Cielings." This Sir Mark knew through one John Buffin, "who often saw them both," he being "Joyner to y^e family for 50 years," and dying an octogenarian in 1711. If we now trace the early history of Roger Pratt we shall understand how he, accompanied by Inigo Jones, arrived at Coleshill and induced Sir George to scrap the building he had begun. Sir Henry Pratt had a brother, Gregory, also a citizen of London, whose son Roger was born in 1620. The lad matriculated at Magdalen, Oxford, in 1637, and three years later entered the Middle Temple. Then his father died, and being possessed of fair means, he went abroad in 1643. In that same year John Evelyn obtained a licence to travel, and the two young men, both keenly interested in art and architecture, saw much of each other, for Pratt is called "cohabitant & contemporarie at Rome" by Evelyn, who was there from November, 1644, to the following May. Pratt's stay in Rome will have been longer, his foreign travels occupying about six years. He returned to England in 1649 as

fully imbued with, and nearly as proficient in, Italian Classic and Renaissance Architecture as had been Inigo Jones on his return thirty-four years earlier. To him, therefore, Inigo Jones was the one and only English architect, and he declared that in England the only remarkable buildings were those for which Inigo Jones was directly responsible,

his pupil and kinsman, Webb, undertaking such architectural work as the troublous Commonwealth times put in their way. But Buffin's evidence may be accepted to show that the aged architect was induced to visit Coleshill, entered his verdict in favour of a new beginning and gave more or less assistance with the plans, and even such details as the ceilings,



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9.—THE STAIR AND ENTRANCE DOOR-CASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

such as the Whitehall Banqueting House, the St. Paul's portico and the Queen's House at Greenwich. Asked by his cousin, Sir George, to come and see and give advice as to the new house rising out of the ground at Coleshill, we can well imagine his dissatisfaction at its too native and unclassic character and his desire to get the advice of Inigo Jones in support of his own. Jones was an old and broken man,

although these cannot have been actually wrought out after his death in 1653. Thus, as the adviser, the inspirer, even, perhaps, in the initial stages, as the colleague of Pratt, Inigo Jones left his mark on Coleshill, but to attribute it solely to him, without mention of Pratt, is very incorrect. Jones's part therein is vague, Pratt's definite and resting on written evidence.



10.—THE GALLERY AND CEILING OF THE HALL.



11.—DETAIL OF SCULPTURED HEAD, SWAGS AND BALUSTERS OF THE STAIRCASE.

The draped female head was very much used by Inigo Jones and his followers. But this example is remarkable for the decorative value of the calm and restful expression.

Later on Roger Pratt became a somewhat voluminous writer of notes on his architectural and other experiences and avocations, but they principally refer to the houses which he designed and carried out after the Restoration. There is not very much in them as to Coleshill, but yet quite enough not only to prove his constant attention to it during the dozen years it was in hand, but also to show us what it was like when he finished it and before Sir Mark Pleydell made considerable alterations.

The plan and elevations show it to be an unbroken parallelogram, 124ft. long by 62ft. wide and four storeys high. Of these, the lowest is part below ground level, and the highest within a hipped roof which rises to a lead flat surrounded by a balustrade and reached through a central cupola (Fig. 8). Much the same description will answer for Chevening as it was originally built, probably before 1630 and by Inigo Jones, whose pupil, Webb, used the same cupolaed "platform" at Thorpe and Ashdown. It continued in vogue and occurs at Belton, which was finished about 1686, and has been attributed to Wren, although without substantial evidence. In one of his notebooks Roger Pratt discusses the construction of this platform and gives his reasons for adopting it: "Ye avoiding all Gables, eaves and gutters between ye roofings. Ye uniting of ye whole in one entire body. Ye Pleasure of ye prospect, walks &c." At Coleshill it certainly is a pleasant "walk" not only because of the prospect over the fair borderland of Berks and Wilts, the eye reaching over the whole valley of the White Horse, but also from the beautiful finish and form of cupola and chimney stacks.

The Coleshill elevations (Figs. 1 and 2) are dignified, but plain to severity. The stairways and pediments to the doorways and the consoled heads to the windows are the chief outstanding details of the admirable ashlar-built walls. But the far projecting eave is supported by a rich modillioned cornice, and there is much architectural effect and varied skyline given, not only by the cupola and balustrade, but still more by the eight tall, massive and symmetrically placed chimney stacks, enriched with panels and cornices. Beyond necessary repairs, Mark Pleydell made no exterior alteration except that caused by his substituting sash for mullioned window frames. Sashes were not introduced until the close of Charles II's reign and did not become usual till that of William III. Their coming had nothing to do with the adoption of single, wide openings for windows as opposed to the multiple ones, divided up into narrow sections by structural mullions, which our Early Renaissance had inherited from Gothic times. This form Inigo Jones cast aside when he designed the Whitehall Banqueting House. The frame to fit within the opening did not concern him architecturally. Neither he nor his pupil and followers introduce it in their sketches or elevation drawings, which show a mere void. But, glazing and a system of opening and shutting being necessary, they merely modified the older method. A light, flat, unmoulded wooden frame, with mullion and transom, was glazed with lead quarries, and casements, generally of flat iron, opened to let in air. Such the Banqueting Hall must have had and also all houses built in the new style during the following half century and more.

But, in the case of most large houses, these were afterwards replaced with sashes, as at Coleshill. What the originals were at that place we know from Pratt's notes. He tells us that though the openings were 5ft. wide they "seemed somewhat narrow, & whither because not sufficiently splayed on y^e sides or because y^e wooded frame & y^e iron one tooke soe much from y^e glasse. The glasse onely 2f. broad in each casement." This glass was divided up into panes 5ins. wide and 7ins. high, and a detailed description of the iron casements and of the precautions taken to make them watertight is given. Tyttenhanger, probably built by Webb while Coleshill was in progress, retains on the north side such window frames and glazing untouched. So also has the Wolvesey Palace at Winchester, built a quarter of a century later. Although symmetry was essential to both Jones and Pratt, the Coleshill window scheme shows some variety in its spacing. As the hall and great parlour, occupying the centre of the entrance and garden fronts, were to take up more than a third of the length of the house, the doorways and flanking windows are further apart than the three

altered their style and design in accordance with his more classic taste. The arched entrance especially appealed to him, and niches were an integral part of it. They appear on each side of the pedimented arches at the Oxford Physic Gardens and at Kirby Hall, of which 1632 and 1638 are set down as the respective dates. But the use of the niche in gate piers begins at Coleshill, where it occurs in all four sets. The noblest of these are off the high road into the park, with the house seen lying below (Fig. 4). The frame of the panels is set with nail head rustication and the same bold egg and tongue that appears on the chimneys. Indeed, except for the nail heads, the chimneys and the piers on the roadside are of the same design. But on the park side (Fig. 3) there is much richer treatment. The panels have at their tops framed and recessed roundels, holding classic busts, while below the shell headed niche is arranged as a seat. The same shell headed niche, with slight variants, appears in the two pairs of piers on the drive (Fig. 7) and also the pair flanking the yard entrance (Fig. 6). These last are in a position where we should expect them. But in 1650 such features



12.—SIDE OF THE HALL SHOWING THE NICHE TREATMENT OF THE SPACES UNDER THE STAIRS.

windows at each end; and at the sides the planning accounts for a central trio of close-set windows and then considerable blanks (up which run chimney flues) before the end windows are reached. After the Restoration a slight break in the walling surmounted by a pediment would have been considered necessary to create a division of these sections. But Inigo Jones and those who, like Webb and Pratt, accepted him as master were chary of the use of the pediment in their elevations—much as they liked it for doorways—and the quite satisfying effect of grouped windows, as we get them at Coleshill, without emphasis by wall break and pediment, shows the extent to which restraint of ornament and feature may prevail in design in the hands of a master of proportion and of the entirely effective and satisfying use of whatever detail he does allow himself.

It is rather curious that this restraint, so marked in the house, was abandoned in the gate piers. Not only were they freely used, but there was resort to variety and elaboration. Piers and arched portals were favourites with the Elizabethans for their forecourts and walled gardens. Inigo Jones was equally favourable to their use, but, of course,

were usual only in direct architectural relation to the house and its immediate and formally laid-out environment. The position of the two pairs on the drive is unexpected, and that of the park pair positively abnormal. Nor do the latter appear to have been designed for hanging gates any more than those at the yard entrance, and I suspect them to have been designed for and placed in some similar but more important position near the house and moved to the roadside by Sir Mark Pleydell, whose alterations were probably directed by William Kent, an early devotee of the "Landscape" school.

If outward severity were a principle with Jones and his first followers, the rule was relaxed when the interior was reached; and if the Coleshill rooms have not the elaboration of houses such as Wilton, Forde Abbey and Thorpe, where Jones and Webb had very wealthy clients, this is due, more probably, to the lack of means on the part of Sir George than to any lack of capacity and desire for decorative completeness on the part of Sir Roger. Thus only the plasterer—and he on ceilings only—was allowed free play. The joiner and wood carver were very much restricted to the hall.

With their Italian training and experience, Jones and Pratt were inclined to give greater expansion to the staircase than was consonant with the habit and feeling of Englishmen, to whom the hall was a living room, while the staircases, including the main one, were in smaller, narrower spaces off it. But at Chevening Jones put his main stair in the hall, satisfying himself with a single flight; while at Coleshill, having Pratt to back him up, it was decided to have a double flight, so that the large, two-storeyed hall is largely taken up and wholly dominated by it. On each side of the great and dignified entrance portal spring the wide and easy treads, bounded by great newel posts and a broad rail supported by enriched balusters (Fig. 9). Reaching the side walls, each stairway turns at right angles and rises to first floor height at a point that leaves space for a hanging gallery running the length of the back wall. The balustrade scheme—posts, rail and balusters—is reproduced in half-section against the wall. The newel posts are panelled, and in the panel is a lion's mask with ring from which depends a fruit "drop."

were evidently by a choicer hand than that which executed the rest of the carving, good and crisp as that is, for there is no mention of them in the surviving bill for this work, which begins: "May, 1662. The Bill of Carvers work done for the Right worthy Sr George Pratt for his house at Cowsell by Richard Cleare." Then follow the items for the great doorways leading from the hall to the principal rooms on both storeys, where the detail consists of "egg and tongue, dentells, leaves," costing from 2d. to 4d. per foot run. Next we come to the items for the staircase itself, such as: "The Railes of the Stayres: ffor 95 whole banisters at 3s. a peece, £14 8s.; ffor 20 yards & a halfe of the festoons in y^e freeze at 20s. the yard, £20 10s.; ffor 8 festoons for y^e Lyons heads for the postes at 10s. a peece, £4." For chimneypieces and doorcases 38 "Cartooses" were supplied at 6s. each. The festoons were sent in "a large basket," together with a man who gets 26s. "ffor his goeing down to set up the festoons on the stayres." Richard Cleare or Cleere was a well established London carver, whose name afterwards appears



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13.—THE HALL FROM THE THRESHOLD OF THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY.

"C.L."

This scheme is elaborated along the string, where a series of ribboned swags spring from each side of a cartouche in the middle of the gallery and meet a draped female head at the corners. All the carving is excellent in quality. Inigo Jones's strict decorative purism would probably have held Grinling Gibbons's style a little too natural, too imbued with pride of technique. But in his time the difficulty was to find craftsmen deft enough, and the solidity of most English carving, until Gibbons's influence permeated the craft, must have worried him. But the Coleshill staircase (carved a decade before Grinling Gibbons came to the fore), while, in design, it avoids such excessive realism as may mar decorative principle, shows admirable execution. That is especially true of the draped female masks (Fig. 11). Here is the perfection of decorative treatment. There is nothing coarse, wooden or inanimate about them. But they are not so movingly alive and realistic as to jar with the reposeful composition of which they are a part. The face is alive and full of expression, but the expression, sought and rendered, is impassiveness. The parted lips and half open eyes are very human, but they express a dreamy sadness that will go on changeless for ever. Who carved them we know not. They

in the Wren accounts for London churches, such as St. Olave's, Jewry.

The hall, as it appears on crossing the threshold, is so capably rendered in one of the illustrations (Fig. 13) as to make much description unnecessary. The precise run of the double stair; the quality and position of the six doorways; the plaster enrichment of the gallery soffit; the decorative wall scheme attained by the recessed roundels—all are seen at a glance in their due relationship. The roundels, fourteen in all, are of the same design as those in the great piers (Fig. 3), except that, being framed not in stone but in plaster, there is a richer treatment, taking the form of a ribboned wreath of bay leaves. Similar to the piers also are the shell headed niches, which, in groups of three, cleverly occupy the rather awkward space under the main flights of steps (Fig. 12). Another illustration, taken from the gallery (Fig. 10), shows the disposition of the window side of the hall and also its ceiling, typical of the heavy beam-like ribs, with enriched soffit, which Inigo Jones favoured. But the Coleshill ceilings are numerous and excellent and more must be said of them next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

"W. G."

The Memorial Biography of Dr. W. G. Grace, Edited by Lord Hawke, Lord Harris and Sir Home Gordon. (Constable.)

A FEW years back a cricketing schoolmaster, on mentioning Mr. A. N. Hornby, was thus kindly corrected by one of his boys: "I think, Sir, you mean A. H." This story illustrates the difference between W. G. Grace and all the other cricketers. Mr. A. N. Hornby was a great cricketer. It does not seem very long since he played for Lancashire, but this modern schoolboy had never heard of him. There never was, and there surely never will be, a schoolboy who does not know "W. G."

There are, however, very many cricketers who never saw him play. Those who saw him in the 'seventies in the very prime of his game are comparatively few. A few more years and he will be only a famous name. The cricketers of those coming days will compare his feats with those of their own heroes, and will ask more than a little sceptically whether he really so towered above the stature of ordinary mortals. As far as they can be answered, his "Memorial Biography" will answer them. The joint editors—Lord Hawke, Lord Harris and Sir Home Gordon—have done their work well; they have given a consecutive history of "W. G.'s" many seasons, and have supplemented it with memories and anecdotes and opinions supplied by a long list of illustrious cricketers. Some of these write better than others; some of their stories are rather small beer and might have been left out; the general effect may at first seem something of a patchwork. But from that patchwork there emerges a real picture of the man and the cricketer: the man, very simple and lovable, not without faults, but having none that cannot be remembered with a smile; the cricketer, so far excelling all his competitors that comparison seems futile. The cricketers of future generations may understand dimly that he was more than the best player; that he re-created and symbolised cricket; that he performed feats scarcely ever surpassed under conditions unknown to-day. They will learn from Mr. C. T. Studd how "W. G." played an entire over of shooters from Morley so that the whole pavilion at Lord's rose at him; from the words of George Freeman himself how, on a bumpy Yorkshire wicket, "our expresses were flying about his ribs, shoulders and head in 1870." They may possibly think the old fogies who wrote the book were mad, but they will have to admit that they were strangely unanimous in their madness.

For those who knew "W. G." or saw him play, the happiest spirit in which to read his biography is one of frank hero-worship. There are many things which we knew before and yet must impress us afresh. There is, for instance, the passionate devotion of the whole Grace family to the game, the picture of the practice ground in the orchard with the three dogs prayed in aid of the fielding, the small boy acquiring in earliest boyhood the groundwork of a vigilant defence, the old mother who never wearied in teaching and hated a left-hand batsman. Many of us may have forgotten at what an early age "W. G." became a power in the land. When he was fifteen he made 170 against the Gentlemen of Sussex. A year later—and how odd it seems to read of that Colossus as a "lean" and "lanky" boy—he was playing for the Gentlemen against the Players. Two years later again Tom Emmett was asked what he thought of him. "It's all very well against this South Country bowling," said the Yorkshireman. "Let him come to

Sheffield against me and George." "W. G." went to Sheffield and made 122, and Emmett was asked his opinion again. He answered, "I call him a non-such: he ought to be made to play with a littler bat." Praise can scarcely go higher, unless it be in I. D. Walker's splendid compliment: "W. G. has not the style of Mitchell, Alfred Lubbock or Buller; but, as a bat, he is worth all the three put together."

It is wholly impossible to give even a summary of "W. G.'s" achievements. The reader can only be recommended to study and marvel at them for himself. And who could read without a thrill of some of his great years? Of 1871, for example, when his average was 78, when J. C. Shaw twice bowled him for a duck in the first innings, and twice

he took a terrible revenge with over two hundred in the second. Then there is 1876, when in three successive innings against Kent, Notts and Yorkshire, respectively, he made 344, 177 and 318 not out, and in the last of these three innings the Yorkshire captain could scarcely get his bowlers to go on. As to his bowling, there is not room even to mention it here, and yet for Gentlemen v. Players alone he took 232 wickets.

Of "W. G." the man, no one in the book has anything to say that is not friendly, even affectionate. The worst that could ever be said against him was that he was, in the words of Mr. A. J. Webbe, "a little peppery in the field," or, as Lord Harris says, "occasionally very rigid in demanding his full rights," and these faults, if they were faults, came only from his perennial and boyish keenness. He was always kind to young players, even if he sometimes knew when to put them in their place, as in the case of one who rashly stated that he had never made a duck. "Then last's your place," said the Doctor, "you haven't played long enough." To one who had missed a catch and thus put the fortunes of Gloucestershire in jeopardy he said nothing at the time, but when the match had been safely pulled off, largely through his own exertions, his mild reproaches found vent in this characteristic remark, "We never hadn't ought to have been put to it." If some of his speeches when written down appear a little brusque, there was something in his manner of making them which must have made resentment impossible. There are so many pleasant stories about "W. G." that it is hard to choose, but this one of Mr. Croome's appeals to us particularly: A boy whose father had played for Gloucestershire was introduced to him. "Very glad to make your acquaintance," said the Old Man, "and I hope you're a

better fielder than your father was. He was the worst that ever I did see." We can almost hear him say it in the high voice which contrasted so oddly with his vast frame and the clipped Gloucestershire accent with its short "a's." To all children he was delightfully kind and friendly, and we know, at any rate, one small girl who will be brought up to tell her grandchildren that "W. G." once kissed his hand to her.

Though exceedingly shrewd and cunning in the field, "W. G." was of an essentially simple nature. "No one ever had a more unanalytic brain," says Canon Lyttelton, and tells how to a question as to the playing of a certain difficult ball the oracle only answered, "I should say you ought to put the bat against the ball." There never can have been a more modest celebrity or one more devoid of self-consciousness. He was probably the best known man



"THE GREATEST CRICKETER THAT EVER LIVED OR EVER WILL LIVE."

in England. The writer remembers very well how on a motor drive to a Surrey golf course the sight of that huge bearded figure sitting hunched up on the front seat would bring half a village running to its doors, though his cricketing days were then to all intents and purposes long past. Homage of this and every other kind he accepted with a most winning naturalness and simplicity. He was very fond of a joke, and his jokes, which often

took a practical turn, were, like himself, simple and unsubtle. If the word "great" should be ever applied to a player of games, "W. G." was a supremely great cricketer, and he had, besides, one attribute of a great man in a personality which ineffaceably impressed itself on the memories of all who ever knew him. He could have no better epitaph than the words suggested by Lord Hawke: "W. G., b. 1848, d. 1915: well played."

THE ESTATE MARKET

KEN WOOD AND HAMPSTEAD HEATH

DOES London realise what is meant by the announcement that the Ken Wood Estate at Hampstead is for sale? Little public notice has been taken, except by those specially interested in the estate market. Yet the sacrifice of Ken Wood to the builder—no matter how well the estate were laid out and how tasteful the "development"—would mean a loss to London which words are quite inadequate to express. Within the same radius—indeed, within a radius of three or four times the distance—there is nothing which, in point of picturesqueness, can even compare with the area bounded by the North London Railway, Highgate Hill, the Spaniards Road and Hampstead. This area contains several views which, in their kind, have no superiors. They are, however, all to a great extent dependent upon the delicious green slopes of the Ken Wood Estate and the dark masses of the old forest trees that crown and complete them. Coleridge described the "delicious groves and valleys" of Ken Wood as the finest in England; he wrote with enthusiasm of the cathedral aisle of its giant lime trees.

The loss of Ken Wood would be serious enough were it an isolated feature, but as things actually are it would bring with it the picturesque ruin of Parliament Hill Fields, Hampstead Heath, the Spaniards, and that almost incredible survival of rusticity, Fitzroy Park, whence, by the indulgence of the owners of a private road, the public obtains a most charming view of the slopes and trees just mentioned. Ken Wood is a survival, we are told, of the ancient Forest of Middlesex. But what concerns the London of to-day and the future is that Ken Wood is the immediate neighbour of Hampstead Heath. Only a hedge divides them for almost the whole distance from the Spaniards to Highgate Ponds. If the 221 acres of Ken Wood are to be sold, they must be bought for private ownership as at present, or for the enjoyment of the people of London. Here is a chance for one of the public-spirited millionaires who have made large fortunes out of the war; he can endow London with a heritage

which will make his name illustrious for ever among London's benefactors. The price asked is about half a million. This is surely excessive; it is much above the hard business value of the estate. Yet, from the aesthetic point of view, Ken Wood is worth almost any price to London.

Moreover, though the interest of London in Ken Wood lies chiefly in the preservation of the exquisite natural features of the estate, the house itself is also of considerable historic interest and of real architectural importance. It was for many years the home of the first Earl of Mansfield, one of the greatest lawyers of the eighteenth century, Lord Chief Justice of England, confidential adviser of George III, and an orator who did not fear to confront even Chatham himself from his place in the House of Lords. Lord Mansfield was a firm and strong counsellor for troublous times. When for a brief moment the London mob got the upper hand of weak civic authority and the crazy Lord George Gordon was the idol of the sweepings of Newgate, it was Lord Mansfield's town house in Bloomsbury Square which was pillaged and burnt by the mob, and his country mansion at Ken Wood narrowly escaped a similar fate. It was only saved by the resourcefulness of the innkeeper of the Spaniards Tavern, who

kept the rioters busy among his barrels while he sent off a messenger to bring up a company of the Guards to disperse them.

Lord Mansfield, however, was more than a great constitutional lawyer and broad-minded jurist. He was an enthusiastic patron of the arts, and of architecture, and Robert Adam in particular, whom he commissioned, in 1767, to make extensive alterations and additions at Ken Wood. "Whatever defects, either in beauty or composition," wrote Adam, referring to his work for Lord Mansfield, "shall be discovered in the following designs, they must be imputed to me alone, for the noble proprietor, with his usual liberality of sentiment, gave full scope to my ideas. Nor were they confined by any circumstances but the necessity of preserving the proper exterior similitude between the new and the old parts of the building, and even in respect to this, where the latter



THE ADAM LIBRARY AT KEN WOOD.

appeared defective in its detail, I was at full liberty to make the proper deviations." Adam, therefore, adapted and beautified the mansion at Ken Wood; he worked on an existing house, and since his day other architects have added new features. But the library (60ft. by 21ft.), which he designed to balance the orangery at the western end, is one of the stateliest rooms in England, and one of the noblest examples of the master's art. Its preservation is an obligation of honour upon London. It was built with a double purpose, for it was meant to serve both as a library and as a room for receiving company—and company in the eighteenth century meant aristocratic company, good judges, whatever else, of style and elegance. The library has a great apse at either end, each with its screen of white fluted columns, the entablature of which is carried straight across at the springing. Each apse has its elaborately stuccoed half dome, and the great ceiling itself has a low arch, exquisitely arranged in its varied compartments, ovals, half ovals and circles, adorned with bright-coloured paintings by the Venetian artist, Zucchi. The stucco work was by Mr. Joseph Rose. Before Lord Mansfield's day Ken Wood was the London house of John Duke of Argyll, one of the most eminent figures during the reigns of Queen Anne, George I and George II; and he left it to his nephew, the unpopular Earl of Bute. He, in turn, sold it to Lord Mansfield in 1755, who died there in 1793. The estate has since remained in the family of his nephew and successor to the title. For some years until recently Ken Wood was in the occupation of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby.

SUCCESSFUL PRIVATE NEGOTIATIONS.

Referring particularly to the impending sale of the Elcombe Estate, Wiltshire, then fixed for July 22nd, we wrote, a week ago: "Of forthcoming sales it is almost rash to speak some days in advance, seeing how prevalent is the practice of selling property before the auction." Elcombe, belonging to the Charterhouse, has gone the way of so many estates recently; that is to say, it has not reached the saleroom. The auction, which would have been held at Swindon last Tuesday, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, had, therefore, to be cancelled. By the sale of Elcombe the Governors of "Sutton's Hospital in Charterhouse"—to give it its full title—have brought their aggregate realisations of landed estates in the last fortnight up to 12½ square miles. They have disposed of 2,217 acres in Lincs., 2,974 acres in Essex, and 2,906 acres in Wiltshire. For private owners the significance of the sales may be found in the fact that the transactions have necessarily been effected with the concurrence of the Charity Commissioners. Thus the policy of breaking-up estates has received an additional endorsement at the hands of two great authorities. It has its ultimate sanction, so to speak, in the further fact that the land has so largely passed direct to the tenant.

The timber valuations on Lord Lovelace's Horsley Towers Estate amount to about £64,000, of which £11,000 is in respect of Lot 1, the mansion and 414 acres. The mansion, of Tudor-Gothic design, the original portion from plans by Sir Charles Barry, stands in a park of 260 acres. The estate extends to 2,750 acres, and it will be sold as a whole or in lots, at Hanover Square on Tuesday next, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The rental, exclusive of mansion and lands in hand, is over £2,450 a year. On the following day the firm will, jointly with Messrs. W. Brown and Co. as to this property, sell Harvieston, Tring, a nice house and five acres, 600ft. up, on the Chiltern Hills; Bagley Croft, a couple of miles from Oxford, 18½ acres; and an old-fashioned house, Woodlands, at Bembridge, I.W., two acres; and they will offer another small residential property in Dorset, White Cross, near Weymouth, on behalf of Rear-Admiral Arthur Lees. This sale, on the premises, will precede that of the contents of the house.

Lieutenant-Commander Reginald W. Blake's Danesbury Estate, 2,000 acres, is coming under the hammer at Hatfield next Thursday; and on the same day at Hanover Square, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are selling Carron Hill, 138 acres at Merton, just south of Wimbledon, a good building estate; Ewell Manor, four miles from Maidstone, of almost the same acreage as the Merton property; and Park House, 16 acres, a mile from Market Harborough. On Friday at Bulth Wells, 65 acres having four mineral springs, known as Park Wells Estate, will be disposed of.

The Earl of Harrington has instructed that firm to offer the Gawsworth and Bosley Estate, on the outskirts of Congleton and Macclesfield, 8,500 acres, in September. Their recent sales include Walsham House, Elstead, before auction; the Trobridge estate, Devon, 535 acres; Oxtou Hall, 417 acres (for £25,000 to Mr. Samuel Smith, Tadcaster); and another Yorkshire estate, Boston Hall, which was to have been offered on Tuesday next.

Messrs. Harrods Limited, who have an important sale next Tuesday of residential properties, have sold the fifteenth century house and over 3,000 acres in Huntingdonshire, known as Upwood and Wood Watton.

WHISTLER'S "PEACOCK ROOM."

Until 1904 the "Peacock Room," decorated by the late James McNeill Whistler, lent distinction to No. 49, Prince's

Gate, making the library, which had been designed by Mr. John Belcher, R.A., one of the most remarkable in London. In that year the work by Whistler was removed, but the house is still in its essentials very notable, and its approaching sale, by Messrs. Trollope, in conjunction with Messrs. Lofts and Warner, will be an event in the October auction rooms. Perhaps, like so many other Town houses of late, the property may change hands privately, as the Dowager Lady O'Hagan's mansion in Upper Belgrave Street, the fine Adam house, No. 1, Portman Square, and Harrington House, Kensington Palace Gardens, have done in the last day or two, through Messrs. Trollope; and another Town house, in Kensington Court, has been similarly dealt with by Messrs. Hampton and Sons.

MISCELLANEOUS INVESTMENTS.

Like Lord Mansfield, owner of Ken Wood, Lord Camden derives his London estates from a famous lawyer, and he has just parted with a portion of them in the vicinity of Camden Town, the sale, conducted by Messrs. Daniel Watney and Sons, having yielded a total of approximately £94,000 for 198 lots. Among the freeholds just sold by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard are properties in Eastbourne, including three acres on the sea front, for £28,100, and a Herts farm of 476 acres at Ippolitts for £11,000. They have also sold licensed and adjoining premises in Edgware Road for £7,000. The last-named sale brings the month's total for licensed premises, under the hammer and privately, up to fully £150,000. This sum includes £15,000 for that popular Aylesbury resort of hunting men, the George Hotel, sold to Lloyd's Bank, Limited, by Messrs. W. Brown and Co., and houses in and near London dealt with by Messrs. Marks and Berley, and Messrs. Fleuret, Adams and Haxell. Successful sales have been held by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons, Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks, and Messrs. Fergusson Taylor and Melhuish.

Owners of East Anglian properties are rightly beginning to be much exercised as to the mineral and oil-bearing potentialities of their lands. The point was strongly emphasised in regard to Sir A. F. W. Bagge's freeholds submitted yesterday at Downham Market by Messrs. Charles Hawkins and Sons. Extensive estates in Norfolk are coming under the hammer of Messrs. Spelman and Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard.

LORD EDMUND TALBOT'S SALE.

Lord Edmund Talbot, M.P., took special care that his tenants should have facilities for buying their holdings on the Cooksey Estate. Mr. B. P'Anson Breach (Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co.) spent the day before the auction with them, and they largely availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them. The auction took place at Birmingham and realised £48,000. The fine old house Badge Court, full of Jacobean oak, much of it with armorial bearings, may be negotiated for.

FRIAR PARK AUCTION: NEW DATE.

August 9th has now been settled as the date of sale of the late Sir Frank Crisp's Friar Park Estate, Henley-on-Thames. The sale will be held in the mansion, by Messrs. Simmons and Sons, jointly with Messrs. Lofts and Warner. We have already named some of its notable features, and may mention that the spacious and beautiful grounds of Friar Park contain a remarkable collection of trees, shrubs, and the most wonderful Alpine garden the world has ever seen outside the Alps themselves. The garden includes all that is choicest and rarest among Alpine flowers. On the unrivalled beauty of its gardens the property rests its claim to attention, and the mansion, comparatively new, embodies every luxury.

NEW FOREST AND TINTERN PROPERTIES.

That excellent sporting and residential property, Clanna, of nearly 2,000 acres, between the Severn and the Wye valleys, near Lydney and Tintern, is to be sold, at Gloucester to-day (Saturday) by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. The grounds contain first-rate topiary work.

Calcot Park, near Reading, a Georgian house erected in 1745, with 300 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Nicholas, to a client of Messrs. Holcombe and Betts. Over £22,000 was obtained at Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock's Rugby auction of portions of the Hon. A. Verney-Cave's Stanford Hall estate, a few lots being bought in. Many of Major Arbuthnot-Brisco's tenants bought their holdings on the Newtown Hall estate, Montgomeryshire, which has now been sold, by Messrs. Millar, Son and Co., for a total of over £60,000. Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker have sold Garstons, Holybourne, near Alton, a freehold of six acres.

At Ringwood, next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Messrs. Lofts and Warner and Messrs. J. Carter Jonas and Sons will sell such of the outlying portions of Lord Normanton's Somerby Estate of 7,650 acres, in the New Forest district, as have not been bought by the tenants. Consistently with his refusal to sell the property to speculators, Lord Normanton has encouraged the tenants to buy their holdings, and they have, we believe, secured over fifty of the lots in this way.

The Beccy Lees Estate, near Oxford, Sevenoaks, 1,700 acres, with a very picturesque mansion, is in the market, Messrs. Osborn and Mercer being the agents. The house and 350 acres constitute the chief lot.

ARBITER.

NATURE NOTES

THE KESTREL AS A BENEFACTOR

IT has been very truly remarked that the misdeeds of wild birds are much more manifest than the benefits they confer; for it is only after prolonged inquiry and investigation that we are able to arrive at a definite conclusion as to the economic status that a species occupies. If we judge from insufficient material or at one season of the year only, or in a particular district, then our conclusions will be faulty, nay such imperfect data may lead us to results at direct variance to the facts.

For many years past something of this kind has been taking place in connection with quite a large number of species of British wild birds, so that the farmer and gamekeeper have come to condemn and destroy the very species which they should protect.

No more striking instance could, perhaps, be cited than that of the kestrel; and if the present wanton destruction continues, the time is not far distant when this handsome and attractive bird will be almost as rare as the kite.

That the kestrel suffers largely for the misdeeds of the sparrowhawk there is little doubt, but a study of the food and feeding habits of the two species shows that whilst the latter is undoubtedly too fond of game and poultry to merit protection, the benefits conferred by the former species are such as to place it in an entirely different category.

Many observers have recorded the fact that they have never, or only occasionally, found feathers amongst the stomach contents of the kestrel, while all seem agreed that mice and voles constitute the major portion of its food.

Thanks to the accuracy with which we can now estimate the economic status of any species of wild bird, due to the volumetric system of food analysis, it is possible to state very definitely the position which this species occupies.

Practically the whole of the kestrel's food consists of animal matter, only 1 per cent. being vegetable matter.

An examination of the stomach contents of eighty examples shows that of the total bulk of food consumed during the year 64.5 per cent. consists of mice and voles, 8.5 per cent. of house-sparrows, black-birds and thrushes, 16 per cent. of injurious insects, 2.5 per cent. of earthworms, 1 per cent. of frogs, and 6 per cent. of nestlings of game-birds and poultry.

In the destruction of mice, voles, injurious insects, house-sparrows, etc., the kestrel confers a direct benefit upon the farmer and game preserver to the extent of 89.5 per cent., neutral food appears as 4.5 per cent., and in the destruction of young game-birds and poultry it inflicts an injury totaling 6 per cent.; in other words, the beneficial nature of this species is fifteen times greater than its injurious nature. Moreover, this 6 per cent. of injury is occasioned during a very few weeks of the year, viz., during the period of helpless infancy of game-birds; for the remainder of the year the record is all to the good.

Any unprejudiced mind which will carefully consider these figures cannot fail to be impressed by the enormous hosts of field mice, injurious insects, and house-sparrows that are destroyed; indeed, when we try to realise the benefits conferred and the little injury occasioned, it seems amazing that long ago the kestrel has not been most stringently protected.

All who have any practical experience of trying to combat outbreaks of field mice, rats, etc., know only too well how difficult and unsatisfactory artificial measures prove, and at the same time entail a considerable amount of expense. No amount of protection for the kestrel and other birds feeding upon rats and mice will ever exterminate these rodents, but if such birds are plentiful they will exercise a natural control upon the increase

of such vermin that their numbers will be limited and insufficient to form plagues, of which we have in recent years experienced more than one instance.

WALTER E. COLLINGE.

THE GREY RAT'S ROADWAYS.

Grey rats appear to become entirely nomadic during the summer months; but what is, perhaps, more surprising is that they have recognised roadways to which they keep and along which they pass to and forth over a recognised route and in never ending succession.

The writer is living at the present time at the edge of a lowland loch which swarms with wild life of every kind and is a favourite nesting haunt of wild duck. Along the margin of this loch the summer rats have their run-ways and, judging from the condition of these and the number of footprints about the sand of the loch margin, a very large number of rats is constantly coming and going, though human dwellings are very thinly scattered. They are easily trapped on these paths, and since the same trap set in the same place is calculated to catch a rat per night from the end of April on into the summer, it is pretty clear that few of the rats are immediate residents or they would soon learn the vicinity of the trap and make a detour to avoid it.

One of these recognised run-ways leads from the water's edge up to some outhouses, from the opposite end of which it extends round the garden wall and back to the loch margin—about 100 yds. in all. Scores of rats

must come and go by it, for no matter how energetic one may be in trapping them, it is almost impossible successfully to rear chickens anywhere within easy range of their wanderings. These facts would seem to prove, then, that during the warm months only a small number of country rats recognise any special home range—or, rather, that the home range of the majority is so vast



A DESERVING CASE FOR PROTECTION.

that they can most accurately be described as nomadic in habits.

H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

THE WATERHEN AND ITS YOUNG.

Few legends of bird habits have been more hotly contested than that of the woodcock carrying its young. Several years ago Mr. Tom Speedy, the well known Scots naturalist, who was a gamekeeper in his young days, conducted a long enquiry and controversy on the subject, but remained unconvinced at the close. There was plenty of evidence, but like that of the passage of the Russian troops through Britain, it was all second-hand. Authentic cases are on record of another bird, the waterhen, carrying its young. This appears, however, only to be done when the bird builds in a tree, and is necessary because the aquatic habit predominates in the young birds. A detailed account was given many years ago in the *Zoologist* of the female bird carrying a young one in each claw until the whole brood had been thus conveyed to the water side. Recently I found a waterhen's nest with eight eggs at a distance of 70 yds. from water and at a height of 20 ft. up a fir tree. Unfortunately I had to leave the district before the birds were hatched, so that I cannot say with certainty how the young got to the water. But the male bird had certainly begun to build at the edge of the stream a subsidiary nest to provide shelter for the young when they were brought down. The young waterhens, which look like balls of black fluff, are as naturally secretive as their parents. There is no common British bird which so well fulfils the description of the ghost of Hamlet, "'Tis here, 'tis here, 'tis gone."

E. A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

COSTING FOR FARMERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to your note in a recent issue on the Costing Committee of the Board of Agriculture, I can speak as one always concerned with businesses in which costing was carried to a fine art. In regard to farming, I have carried the costing system here in some directions more forward than I can find others have done. At first I did it because I could not understand farming without it, despite the fact that my farming business was not big enough to stand the expense, but now it is a big business I do it as a routine matter, one which must be done to keep a correct grip on the business. You will therefore see that no one could approach the question of farming costs with a greater belief in them than I have. However, despite this, I say, after due consideration, that the ordinary small farmer, up to even, I think, 300 acres, simply cannot afford to pay the salary necessary to obtain someone competent to do the work and indicate the way the results can be usefully applied. When you come to the farmer of 150 acres and under, I believe it is impossible for many to keep books of even the most meagre description. A man who farms round about 100 acres does, as a rule, more physical work than his labourers, works many more hours per day, and is working right up to supper time, after which bed is the only possible place to enable him to be up again at six or earlier the next morning. Farming costs can, in a general way, only be obtained from big farms, big enough to stand the expense of a real office staff, and the minimum turnover must be in excess of £6,000 a year to allow the most elementary clerk's work. Farming is so often referred to as a simple, peaceful way to make money, whereas, in fact, there is no harder and more continuous work from which to make money than ordinary small farming. For those who are interested and can master the elements of pedigree stock breeding there is a much greater prospect before them in this country for the next few years. Pedigree pigs are the great money makers for intelligent people who wish a life on the land. The breeding of pedigree cattle has also good prospects, but requires so much more capital than pigs, and land in first class heart and condition. The great charm of the pedigree pig to me is that a disused quarry can produce as good pigs as the finest land in the country. It may yet be that we shall have to grow our wheat for our own consumption, as I notice that New Zealand is now buying wheat from Australia, and I hear from Australia, that many big wheat growers there are giving up, as labour is so dear and unsatisfactory that wheat cannot be grown to sell at a profit in the future for consumption in the United Kingdom. High freights look like protecting the British farmer in a more effective way than any government dare do to-day. One reads in the daily press that agriculture is a subsidised industry, but it is not stated that it is foreign—chiefly American—agriculture that is subsidised. British agriculture is, in fact, so controlled that the British farmer receives less than the world's prices for his produce and is compelled to pay more for his labour than the true market price of it.—S. F. EDGE.

A CHILD'S NOTE ON THE CORNCRAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Fortune's most interesting article on the cornrake makes me hope that you may like to see a boy's note on the same subject. It is one out of a book of Nature Notes kept in a country school in Mid-Staffordshire. In it are recorded from time to time the observations of the scholars. The school is a rural elementary school of a good class. This one was written by George Stanley, and is dated January 23rd, 1913. "I was coming up the lane and heard a noise. I dropped in the long grass and lay still. The noise continued for a short time and then it stopped. I lay still in my hiding place. By and by this noise started again. It was a cornrake in the hedge bottom by the side of me. It kept on turning its head when it was making the noise. It was a light brown colour, with dark feathers in it. It hopped out of the hedge and went across the field and started the noise again. I got over the thickest grass. Then I began to make the same noise. It came near to me. It makes a noise like a person drawing a breath through the teeth when it stops making the distinct noise. I stirred to move my arm, because I had been lying on it. The bird heard me, I suppose, and ducked its head and ran like lightning through the grass. It has long legs and a body like a chicken. They are timid birds, and build their nests in the middle of the field. They do not make the nest with bits of grass; they tread the grass down into the shape of a nest. They lay eight or nine eggs, and in this nest there were nine. They are dark grey and have brown speckles all over." George Stanley, on October 18th, 1911, also records that he "saw a pike take a waterhen under the water. There were rings on the top of the water, then all was still." Quite a poem in miniature, Mina Templeman, the same day, tells how she "saw two birds on a currant bush on which there was a bag. One bird held the bag up while the other bird had some currants; then the other bird held it up while the first bird had some. Cunning birds!" A rat making a nest with a piece of "newspaper, some hay and some straw" was noted on December 7th by George Eales, and Albert Chadwick mentions the gathering of nine mushrooms on Sunday, December 3rd. The late appearance of mushrooms that year was noted by another young observer. Two herons fighting for the possession of a fish were recorded on December 7th by J. Barnes. That "pigs twist round like dogs before they lie down" is another piece of observation; and on April 26th J. Middleton notes "the lords have come out before the ladies." W. Trevor (aged 8) observes how a horse going down a bank "puts its two back feet at the front and pulls back." This reads rather quaintly, but we know well what Willie means. Coming to the entries for 1913, I read, by Edith Green, that "a dog wags its tail when it is pleased, and a cat wags its tail when it is angry."—C. H.

A RECORD RAINFALL TO CELEBRATE PEACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Peace day with us at Chepstow was celebrated by the heaviest fall of rain that has occurred this century during any twenty-four hours. That

was fatal to the programme of outdoor festivities, but we sadly wanted the rain. It began in the morning so lightly that after five hours of it only a tenth of an inch had fallen. Then it settled down to business and from four in the afternoon to some time before dawn more fell than the total recorded for the previous three months. I registered 2.18ins. this morning, and the highest amount previously registered by me here since 1900 in any twenty-four hours was 1.82ins. in September, 1909. Only on twenty-five occasions has rain been exceeded. The wettest group of days was January 15th to 18th, 1918, when we had 4ins., half of it being thawing snow. Under such circumstances and at such a season, heavy floods result. But on Saturday, so gentle at first and steady afterwards was the rain, that the thirsty earth drank it all in and, except along roads, there was no running or standing water. Moreover, the absence of wind prevented the laying of crops in field or garden. Long delayed and anxiously awaited, the rain, when it did come, was the best behaved I have ever known.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE CORNFELD POPPY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of the most obnoxious and troublesome of the weeds in our cornfields at this time of the year is the red poppy or cornfield poppy as it is known in the Midlands. Once having infested a field it is hard to get rid of and, in fact, some farmers say impossible. There is a great amount of folklore as regards the popular names of the weed, and the malignant nature attributed to it makes the weed in the minds of simple countryfolk to have an uncanny reputation. Its most popular names are suggestive of ill. It goes by the names of "headache earache," and it is supposed that if a man lies down in a corn infested field the scent of the red flowers will send him into a sleep from which he will never awake unless someone finding him drags him out into the sunlight. I remember a five or six acre field which at this season was a blaze of red poppies in which it was said a man had slept to death stupefied by the smell of the flowers. Another name for the ripe poppy heads is "deathnobs," and it was said that if a pillow was made of "deathnobs" pounded small and put under the head of a person unable to sleep, it would induce sleep at once. In the village where I was born such a pillow was used with good effect in cases where sick persons were unable to sleep. The juice squeezed from poppy heads and leaves was considered to be a cure for sore eyes in children, though at the same time another popular name for the weed was "blind eyes."—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

A PESSIMISTIC LANDLORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When a landlord decides to dispose of his estates, two courses are open to him. He may either instruct his agents to announce the fact in the ordinary way, or he may write a letter setting forth his views on the economic situation, and slip in a postscript saying that he personally means to sell. But if he adopts the latter course, his tenants and any possible buyers may perhaps argue that the same reasons which impel him to sell should be equally weighty against their inclination to purchase. Valedictory addresses, therefore, ought to be worded very carefully, so as not to deter others from assuming the burden of ownership. Unalloyed pessimism is rarely justified. These reflections are prompted by certain passages in a letter which Colonel G. S. Foljambe, the very popular owner of the Dalton Estate, near Rotherham, recently addressed to his tenants. He says: "The present rate of taxation, coupled with the burden of Estate Duties which are absolutely penal in their effect on all owners of property, and especially so when that property consists mainly of land, is making it impossible for me to administer the estates which have now descended to my charge as they should be administered or to maintain them in the condition in which I should wish any property of mine to be kept. The Government by its present legislation has taken away any pleasure there may have been in the possession of such property, while leaving to the owner all the obligations which possession entails, at the same time taking from him by increased taxation the means of carrying out and fulfilling his obligations. My predecessors took the greatest interest in the welfare of their estates and in the well-being of those who lived under them, and it was my earnest hope that when it came to my turn I should be able to follow their good example. The spread of Socialism and the threat of even more drastic taxation of the few in the interests of a class who appear to want everything from and to give nothing in return to the State, make this impossible, and I have therefore, with great regret, determined to part with as much of my outlying property as possible. . . . I trust that some, at all events, may see their way to avail themselves of my offer to purchase their holdings."

Now, in justice to himself, when an owner determines that the time has come for him to reduce his acreage, he ought to make it clear that the reasons which impel him to part with portions of his estate do not apply with anything like the same effect, if at all, to smaller men. In the case of a very large estate there may be some colour for the charge of land "monopoly"—to quote from another large landlord who sold recently—but there can be no suggestion of "monopoly" if a tenant buys his holding, because land is indispensable to his business, and the farmer's business is indispensable to the State. Put in this way, the landlord's case becomes stronger, for the partnership of landlord and tenant farmer has in numberless cases tended to strengthen the position of the latter, by relieving him of the necessity of sinking his capital in purchase and shielding him from the otherwise disastrous consequences of a run of bad seasons. At any rate—and this is the postscript which might well be appended to Colonel Foljambe's letter—the purchasing tenant has no more to fear from the "spread of Socialism" than any other man who possesses a working capital, whether it is sunk in land, machinery or the contents of a shop. So far as fear of spoliation is concerned, the intending purchaser of a moderate acreage need not hesitate. He is as fully justified in placing the same confidence in the justice and commonsense of the rest of the community as is the man who embarks his capital in any other form of industry.—F.

THE ANCIENT NILUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I am sending you a snapshot of a view on the Nile which I recently took with a small camera. Perhaps all your readers are not aware of the interesting fact that the yearly Nile overflow, which gives life to Egypt, is very gradually shrinking. Forty-three centuries ago, according to the records on the rocks at Semneh and Kummeh, where the highest point it reached was always noted, the inundation rose nearly 27ft. beyond anything known in our own times.—W.

BIRDS AND THEIR NAMES IN IRELAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I am at work here on a farm near Dublin. I am constantly on the look-out for birds, and so talk with the men about them. It is curious to note how their names are altered out here. The rook they always call the crow. The hooded crow, of which there are very few about, they call the scaw-crow. I have not seen a carrion crow. The dipper is the white-throat, and the heron, the crane. A friend of mine tells me that the lapwing is called the phillibene in the West of



A VIEW ON THE NILE.

Ireland. There are a number of corncrakes about here. Two fields of meadow-grass have recently been cut. When they had nearly finished out ran two young birds, just unable to fly. I managed to catch them both. When I let one go I watched it go into a small heap of cut grass and then went after it. But I could not find it; it had managed to hide itself up in the grass. This morning I walked in front of the hay-cutter and examined the grass, that was about to be cut, for a nest. I came across a little track in the grass which had evidently been made by a corncrake. I traced this up for a few yards right to a nest, which contained one egg. Two other nests were cut out this afternoon, one containing four and the other ten eggs.—N. H. J.

TWO CUCKOOS' EGGS IN ONE NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—The two cuckoos' eggs found in a hedge-sparrow's nest in a lane near Leicester were deposited there by two separate cuckoos. Your correspondent's description of the eggs in question settles the point. Further, I have no hesitation in saying that both the cuckoos were what are known to all up-to-date field ornithologists as hedge-sparrow-cuckoos. (Incidentally, what are commonly called hedge-sparrows are not sparrows at all; hedge-accentor is the right and most appropriate name.) To hark back, however, it seems evident that one of the two cuckoos, both of which had doubtless been reared themselves in hedge-accentors' nests, had strayed beyond its self-allotted "circuit" in consequence of a scarcity of the specific (hedge-accentors') nests it wanted, and had "overlapped," with the result as shown. My own experience leads me further to remark that of the two hedge-accentors' eggs missing from the nest, each cuckoo filched one to mask the introduction of its own. The other nests hard by, to which your correspondent refers as being disregarded by both cuckoos, might not have gone without attention had whitethroat-cuckoos or bunting-cuckoos come along! I will only add that cuckoos lay about a dozen eggs, and at intervals of three or four days in the course of a season; that though as *racial* eggs they naturally vary considerably *inter se*, the eggs laid by an individual cuckoo never, in my experience, deviate, as summer succeeds summer, from the original type; and that only when, say, a pipit-cuckoo cannot find enough pipits' nests for its eggs it will have recourse to another species as prospective foster-parents.—HENRY S. DAVENPORT.

PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—You published on July 12th some pinhole photographs which interested me very much, as I have been making such photographs for many years past. I enclose two which I consider very satisfactory. One of the charms of these photographs is the perfect perspective.—EDMUND GILES LODER.

IS THE HEDGEHOG A CRIMINAL?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I should like to hear the experiences of your readers as to possible harm or damage which may be done by hedgehogs. It seems generally admitted that they are useful in a garden, and I think the old theory that they take the milk from cows lying in the field is now quite exploded, but I hear fear expressed about the danger of having them about near a poultry yard. Is there any evidence against them in this respect?—FRANCIS GODEN.

CANARIES THAT WILL NOT SING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I have a number of canaries in an aviary, and find when they are taken and put into cages they cease to sing. Also when returned to the aviary they do not recommence their song. Can you tell me why? and whether any of your other subscribers have had the same experience?—WILLIAM B. GIBBINS.



ACHNASHALLACH.



GLENCLUNIE.

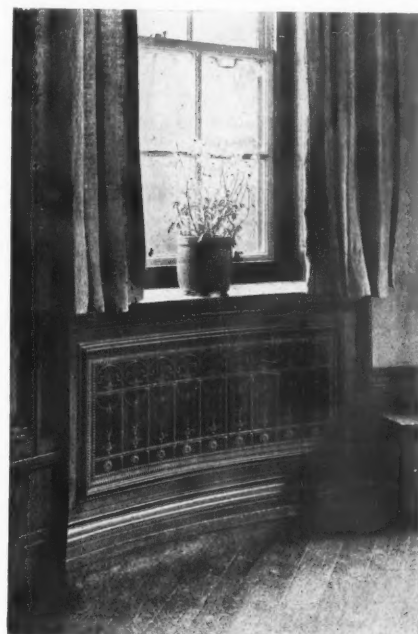
PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIR EDMUND LODER.

DOMESTIC HOT-WATER SUPPLY & HEATING.—III

HOT-WATER supply and heating by means of coal, coke and gas having been considered in the two preceding articles (COUNTRY LIFE, June 7th, and July 12th, 1919), there remain now to be dealt with the systems employing hot air, anthracite stoves and electricity, together with certain special devices.

It is not proposed here to enter upon the old controversy as to what is and what is not a healthy form of heating. Even in the case of the House of Commons, to which experts have time and again devoted their utmost attention, no solution that gives general satisfaction has yet been arrived at. But it is pretty generally agreed, at any rate, that the delivery of hot air into the living-rooms of an ordinary house is not a pleasant expedient. It may be argued, however, that in a position like that of an entrance hall or passage-way, through which people just pass to and fro, such a method of heating may be very convenient, and also unobjectionable. In the case of the basement house, it is quite easy to arrange this by means of a radiator suspended from the basement ceiling and enclosed in a box, through which fresh air passes, thence through a duct to an opening about a foot above the ground floor level. A similar arrangement for supplying heated air to a room may also be combined with an ordinary fireplace, fresh air from outside being carried up a duct at the back of the firegrate and delivered through an opening below the mantelsheff. But those who question the hygienic merit of thus using hot air may well point out that ducts need to be constantly cleaned, otherwise the air being delivered through them is bound to carry impurities with it, despite cotton-wool or other filters. It seems best, therefore, that if hot air is to be used for warming a house, the modern system that follows the old plan of a Roman hypocaust should be adopted. With this system a boiler is installed either in the cellar (if there is one) or at some convenient spot on the ground floor, and hot air from it is carried up through flues *within* the walls, the products of combustion escaping at roof level. In this way no hot air is actually delivered into the rooms. Instead, the walls themselves are heated and the air is warmed by contact. It is, however, obviously a wasteful form of heating, and we might well hope for a much better application of the principle. This we find in one of the most recent systems—the Crittall or panel system. In this the circulating pipes, instead of being connected to radiators, are brought into what are called hot panels; that is to say, there are flat coils of jointless wrought-iron piping embodied in panels of the wall or floor surface and covered by a special preparation which does not crack under heat. Several of these hot panels can be disposed in the room as required, and a very effective system of heating is thus secured. The special point about it is, of course, that it is an invisible system of heating; there are no pipes or radiators to obtrude on the decorative scheme of the room—a matter which may well be of very great importance. But also it is claimed that the system is devised "to utilise the full effect of radiant heat in contradistinction to warming by convection"; that the comparatively low temperature of the warming surface does not unduly dry the air; and

that, as a consequence, rooms thus warmed are not stuffy and uncomfortable. One feels that in time to come, when electricity will assuredly be the power in common use for all purposes, some sort of scheme of this kind will be general, just as we may expect to find the hot-water installation carried into the bedrooms for washing purposes—a common practice already in America. The ordinary washing-stand, with its basins and ewers, disappears from the scene, and in place of it we have a fixture, consisting of a china or enamelled metal basin, arranged perhaps in a recess and supplied with both hot and cold water. The accompanying illustration shows a bedroom fitment of this kind in the Midland Adelphi Hotel at Liverpool, and also it may be noted that this room, like all the other bedrooms in the hotel, is warmed on the invisible panel system, there being a heating panel under the window and a heated surround to the floor. Nothing whatever of the heating system is visible except a small handle in one corner of the room for the regulation of the temperature.



AN ENCLOSED HOT-WATER RADIATOR.

Anthracite as fuel for heating the boiler for domestic hot-water supply was referred to in the first article, but, so far as domestic heating itself is concerned, it is possible, of course, to use anthracite stoves in the rooms and passages of the house quite apart from any system of piping. The stoves simply take the place of open fireplaces, and as they are very slow in combustion and need very little attention, besides being exceedingly clean, there is a great deal to be said in favour of them. The writer recalls the house of an architect friend where an anthracite stove is fitted in the studio and is kept going continuously from the beginning of the autumn till the end of spring, the total consumption of anthracite being about three-quarters of a ton. This studio is kept comfortably warmed all the time by the stove, and a certain amount of heat that escapes from the room serves also to raise the temperature of the staircase hall. Anthracite stoves can be obtained in a large number of patterns, and anyone desirous of using them will have no difficulty in obtaining just what is wanted. Incidentally, one may remember just now that anthracite is not "controlled."

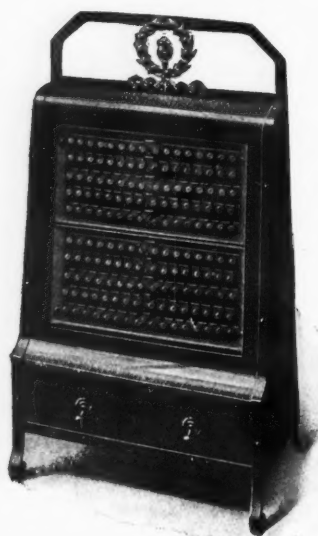
Reference to these stoves brings under consideration the whole question of the ordinary fireplace burning bituminous coal. So long has the fireplace been a feature of English life that it seems almost impossible it will ever go entirely out of fashion, but the idea of its supersession has already taken root and has in some cases been acted upon very completely. The accompanying illustrations show the plans of a house to be built at Bromley entirely without fireplaces. This house is to be warmed throughout by hot water from a central boiler, radiators being fixed below the windows and fresh air from outside admitted through them. But though the actual open fireplace is thus to be abandoned, the similitude of it will be got by the "Magicoal" electric fire. This is no other than an ordinary firegrate filled with lumps of felspar behind which are electric lamps, with some ingenious arrangement that causes



BEDROOM WITH HOT AND COLD WATER FITMENT AND WITH HEATING ON INVISIBLE PANEL SYSTEM.

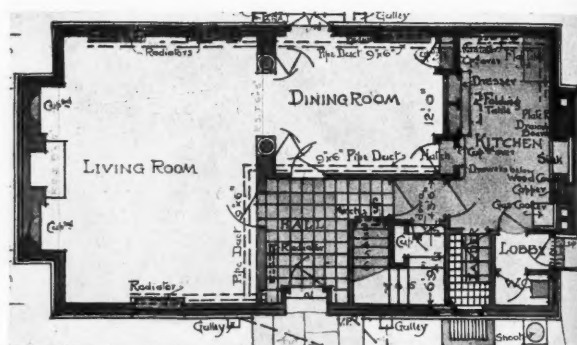
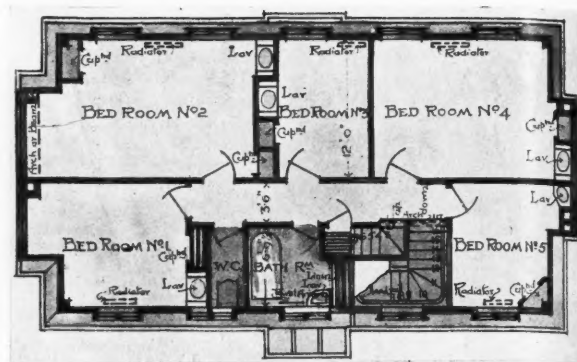
The room is warmed by a heated panel forming part of the wall surface under the window, and by a heated floor surround.

the light to flicker, while in front is a small heating element which looks as though it formed part of the grate. This fire is controlled by two switches, and when either of these is operated the fire bursts immediately into life. It presents the appearance of a clear-burning coal fire, and only a close examination will show that the eye is deceived and that there are no flames! With both switches on the fire is actually a heater, radiant heat being thrown out, which still further gives one the impression that the fire is alive. When, however, the room is sufficiently warmed, yet the appearance of a bright fire is still desired, the heater can be switched off and the fire will remain a glowing object, but not then consuming much current. The makers state that the heat from this fire is sufficient to make toast in front of it or to boil water. It is certainly a very remarkable device, combining the cheery appearance of an ordinary fire without any of the disadvantages of upkeep, smoke, or the expense of building flues. It is not possible to give any illustration which will show adequately what the fire looks like when alight, and the foregoing description must therefore suffice. The makers claim that the fire is not costly to run, against the consumption of current being set the fuel economy effected in heating the radiators to 55 deg. only, leaving the electric fire to provide the remaining 5 deg. or 10 deg. desired; this arrangement avoiding all burning of dust particles on pipes and the unpleasant dry and enervating feeling which that causes. The "Magical" fire is one of the many electrical fittings which



CARRON ELECTRIC RADIATOR.

belong essentially to our own age. Among them, too, are the electric radiators. With current at its present price, these cannot be regarded as a cheap means for heating a house in comparison, say, with a hot-water installation, but for those who can afford them they are a most convenient arrangement, for their installation is as simple as that of electric lighting. The radiators give out radiant heat, either in a luminous or non-luminous form. There is no trouble at all in their upkeep: one has only to turn on a switch to bring them into use, and as easily to turn them out again. Many varieties of these electric heaters are on the market. The most effective are those which have the heating elements exposed, like the one here shown; though, apart from obtaining the utmost heating efficiency, the enclosed types are more pleasing in appearance; the same remark applying to enclosed hot-water radiators, an excellent



PLANS OF A FIRELESS HOUSE.

J. L. Seaton Dahl, Architect.

The rooms are planned without fireplaces, and the bedrooms will have hot and cold water fittings. Heating is to be effected by hot-water radiators, and in the sitting-rooms the effect of a coal fire is to be obtained by means of special electric fires.

example of one of which is shown by the illustration on the preceding page—from the common room of King's College for Women at Campden Hill, London, W.

With electric fires and radiators may also be included the system known as "Electro-Vapour." This combines an electric heater with a radiator of the form that is generally used with hot water or steam. The heater is at the bottom and acts upon a small quantity of water. This becomes vaporised, and the heated air escapes and fills the radiator, which thus exposes a good surface for warming the surrounding air.

There can be no question that a very great future lies before electric heating, not only for warming the house, but also for supplying its hot water.

A brief idea of the various systems has now been given, and it rests with the reader to decide for himself which will best suit his particular purpose.

UBIQUE.

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

THE REUNION AT GOODWOOD.

NO one who was at Goodwood in 1914 and who will be there next week—five years afterwards—can resist indulging in contrasts between then and now. For instance, they appeal to me most vividly. Goodwood in 1914 was celebrated under the fast darkening clouds of war; Goodwood in 1919 will take place with those clouds at long last dispersed, giving place to the light which has come with the dawn of peace. I remember how the meeting began on the Tuesday with sinister rumours of complications in Europe passing from mouth to mouth. Diplomacy was being strained to the breaking point. I had been in Paris midway through June on Grand Prix day, when the murders of the Archduke and Archduchess of Austria were announced, so that I felt instinctively that these Goodwood rumours were really as ugly as they seemed. On the Monday it was announced that the King would not attend, and his arrangements to be present as the guest of the Duke of Richmond were cancelled. On the first and second days well known naval and military officers were being called away. Some of them were not on the active list, and I knew from that circumstance that a beginning was being made with mobilisation. On the Thursday the clouds had darkened, and a very well known financier, who had a large account open in Paris, told me that war was certain. There were unbelievers then who did not think the awful thing was possible. Thus they went on taking an interest, speculative and passive, in the racing.

I recall now the last day of the meeting, for I shall never forget the "nerviness" of it. For this reason. There are

connected with racing some people who do not need to be told which way the wind is blowing, whether in diplomacy, politics, or finance. All three were concerned with that greatest crisis in history, and I was intimately conversant with their thoughts. I went away from Goodwood in 1914 feeling as convinced as I was that I had been at Goodwood that we were on the eve of dramatic events. That week-end I happened to spend on a yacht in Southampton Water, and on the Sunday I realised that this country was even then making ready. Mobilisation had not been actually ordered, but what a coming and going there was! What activity in the vicinity of the great dockyard! On the Monday morning I motored from Southampton to Sandown Park. It was Bank Holiday, but there was a heaviness over all, and personally I shall never forget the significance of watching the duel between the bookmakers, who did not want to pay with gold when they were paying out, and the backers, who requested to be paid out in gold. I wondered why at the time. Even then gold had gone to a premium.

I suppose I have wandered from the subject of "Turf, Stud and Stable," but the fact of being on the eve of Goodwood has brought back a flood of memories. Only let me add one more recollection and I will pass on to more recent topics. Sandown Park was followed by a meeting at Brighton. I wrote then in the daily press that racing must be imperilled by the sacrifices called for by a nation at war, and for what I wrote I was soundly criticised by a very great friend for taking a pessimistic view and for daring to suggest that racing might ever suffer. The

good man has often acknowledged his error since. Racing would have been snuffed out altogether one, two, three, or even four years later, but for the advocacy of the War Office.

Thank God we are on the threshold now of a Goodwood with the guns silent and an official peace in existence. It is true the King will not be present, according to plans at the time of writing, but Society is going to make a brave show at the reunion, and the Duke of Richmond is sure to have a houseful of guests, including some leading members of the Jockey Club. The racing promises to be admirable, except for the selling races, which would not be worthy, in ordinary times, of Alexandra Park. I cannot tell you what will win the Goodwood Cup. Gainsborough will certainly not race again until the autumn, it then; it may be we have seen the last of him on a racecourse. By Jingo! the Ascot Gold Cup winner, is in reserve for the Jockey Club Stakes to be decided at the end of September at Newmarket. There is a chance, therefore, for a new cup winner to win honours, and I would not be surprised if it came from Mantou.

I wish I could tell you for a certainty what will win the Stewards' Cup on the opening day. I will go so far as to say that what beats Irish Elegance, whose weight is 10st. 2lbs., should win. Fancy a horse being set to carry this hurdling burden with others in the race at over 4st. less! Yet, on his Hunt Cup form (not, mark you, his Newbury form), I would seriously expect this grand horse to carry his 10st. 2lbs. to victory. His trainer is good enough to tell me that the horse is certain to run and thus we are assured of one congenial sight on the opening day. I shall suggest that he will win and that, if beaten,

the one to bring it about may be Greenroom. The only three-year-old I fancy is Racket at 7st. 13lbs., and there are lots of folk who will back him to beat the big horse at an advantage in the weights of 33lbs. That may seem more than it looks, for really Irish Elegance is not being asked to give a very great deal more than the weight for age allowance. He is giving a considerable amount, but the weight for age makes a big hole in the 33lbs. I will merely add in regard to other events that Maxwell is very likely to win the Prince of Wales's Stakes for the Duke of Portland. Poltava is, I suppose, his chief danger.

I was much grieved to hear of the death quite recently of the well known London veterinary surgeon, Mr. Charles Sheather. He was born in 1855, the son of William Sheather, who was well known in the coaching world. Charles Sheather was also very fond of coaching, and I used to meet him when he was acting as the International Horse Show representative on some competitor's coach in the "Marathoa" or "Corinthian." Or I would come across him in connection with his work as official measurer of polo ponies to the Hurlingham Club. In the discharge of those duties I used to think he was extremely clever and scrupulously fair. He was a fine "vet," and very inventive and full of initiative. I am told he was a pioneer of chloroforming standing, while he was accepted as being unusually clever in his diagnosis of obscure lameness, and as a measurer it is universally recognised that he has very seldom been excelled. It is to be noted that he was Master of the Worshipful Company of Farriers in 1905-6 and 1907. A good man, thoroughly respected, has gone and his death is much lamented.

PHILIPPOS.

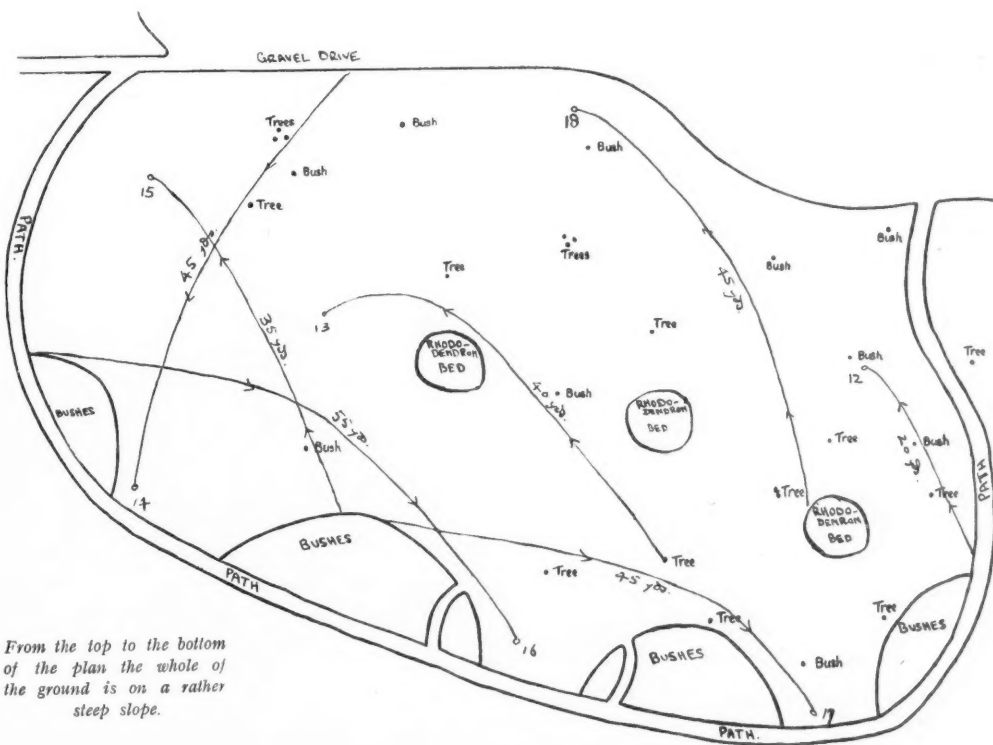
A CONVALESCENT'S PUTTING COURSE

THE patient who goes to the Noidrach-on-Dee Sanatorium for treatment of what is known in the local vernacular as "T.B." acquires several new experiences. He learns to sleep, eat and have his being in a perpetual draught; to drink nothing but milk, that wholesome but unappetising beverage; to regard bed at 10 p.m. as the extreme limit of nocturnal dissipation; in short, to practise the simple life which philosophy extols but humanity sedulously avoids. He learns to forswear that personal liberty which we are told nowadays is mankind's greatest good; while the doctors prescribe the precise distance of his morning walks and the precise quantity of his afternoon "games." But in this latter item, at any rate, he should find compensation for other losses, for he has set before him no less a thing than a new form of golf. Perhaps, with memories of more spacious days on the links still clinging about him, he may be tempted at first to look with some contempt on a mere putting course, but before long he finds that the, apparently, "trivial round," in the words of the hymn, "will furnish all he needs to ask," or if he should be one of the weaker vessels, probably a good deal more. For the accumulated ingenuity of years has added to the familiar tremors of the putting green, several of which are both new and formidable.

When all the lawns surrounding the sanatorium are in use, the course comprises a full eighteen holes of varying lengths, ranging up to about 50yds. The principal lawns—those in front of the sanatorium—slope pretty steeply down to the woods below, and are studded with trees and beds of rhododendrons, which form natural hazards. Artificial bunkering is provided by light fences of wire on wooden frames, which are fixed in the ground where required. Balls which find their way into beds, bushes, paths, etc., are out of bounds, and another ball has to be played

under the usual penalty of a stroke; balls which come to rest behind wire bunkers have to be played out as best may be, no attempts at lofting being permitted. Fresh courses are laid out every week or fortnight, a process which affords the committee a pretty scope for the exercise of ingenuity in the devising of fresh horrors. Holes are placed at difficult angles on the slopes, so that strength and direction alike must be judged to a nicety if disaster is to be avoided; or the tremulous player finds himself faced with a painfully restricted gap between wire bunkers—set sometimes by a refinement of torture *en échelon*—which has to be negotiated at a disquieting distance from the tee. And in these days, when anarchic reformers are urging that the size of the hole should be increased, it is worth recording that the tins on the putting course are specially made to a size about three-quarters of the regulation hole.

The accompanying plan shows the lay-out of some typical holes on the large sloping lawn in front of the sanatorium, in this case the last six holes of an eighteen-hole course. In



SOME TYPICALLY DIABOLICAL HOLES.

laying these out only the natural hazards of trees, beds, etc., were utilised. The plan illustrates some of the trouble with which the player has to contend. Going to the seventeenth hole, for instance, the strength has to be just sufficient to carry the ball with the slope of the ground round the corner formed by the tree and bushes on the right, and yet not sufficient to send it into the big bush beyond the corner on the left. Wire, it should be added, is placed in bushes, beds, etc., to prevent balls fluking through. The fifteenth hole, again, illustrates another form of torment. The hole is placed on a minute plateau in a steepish slope, so that a tee shot a bare yard short of the pin will roll back down the slope, and—what is perhaps even more exasperating, at any rate to the optimist who practises valiantly the precept of "never up, never in"—one going a couple of yards beyond can generally be trusted to overrun the plateau on its descent.

The photograph here shown illustrates hazards set *en échelon*. This was a peculiarly irritating hole, as the hole was cut only a yard from the path, and an otherwise perfect shot was apt to trickle gently off the course.

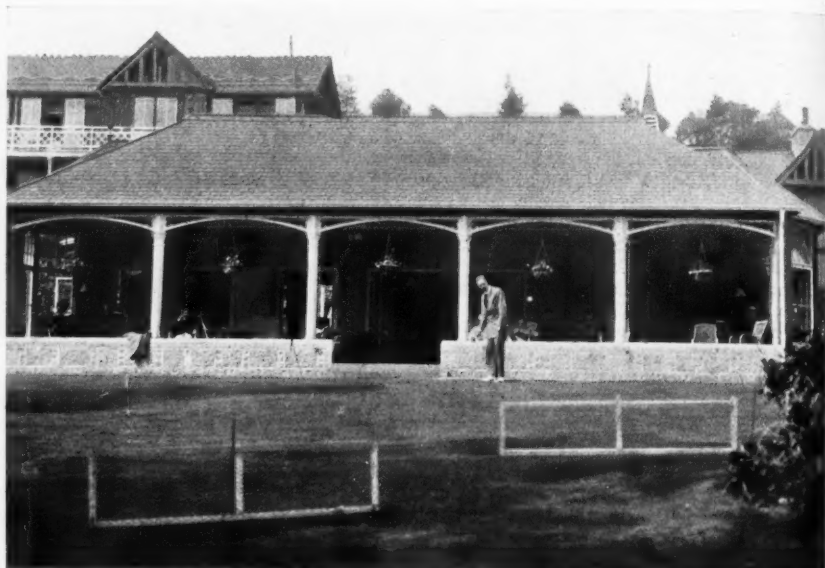
Trouble therefore abounds, enough to make the heart of the stoutest and most experienced golfer, quail. History, indeed, records a glorious occasion in the annals of the sanatorium when two of the first-flight professionals were beguiled into a foursome on the putting course and were defeated after a severe struggle by a pair comprising a member of the weaker sex. Mere ordinary golfing mortals, who look back with some complacency on rounds unmarred by taking more than three putts on any green, will appreciate that on a course of this kind low scores are not easily attained, especially under the stress of competitors with card and pencil. Fours can creep in all too readily, and the compensating twos are not easy to come by. The present writer recalls one round of 48 achieved by a plus player under the stimulus of owing some fabulous number of strokes to a long handicap opponent, but, generally speaking, a round in threes is a very useful performance, and one not too frequently attained. In fact, the game amply fulfils the only condition which makes a game worth playing; it affords plenty of difficulties to study and overcome. On some happy days these may seem trifling enough; bunkers appear scarcely to exist and the hole positively gapes for the ball. On other less fortunate occasions disaster lurks at every turn, and the champion of yesterday rapidly deliquesces into the rabbit of to-day.

W.

NATURAL REGENERATION OF FORESTS

THE State Forestry Bill, the text of which has just been issued by the Government, provides for expending £3,500,000 during the next ten years on the purchase or lease and afforesting of a quarter of a million acres of suitable land. Where conditions of soil and surface vegetation are favourable to the germination of seed and the survival of the young plants, no system of restocking denuded areas can compare with Nature's process, whether on the score of cheapness or general utility. Self-sown seedlings have many advantages over those that have been artificially treated, such as the matter of non-disturbance or drying of the roots, which must always occur when lifting and transferring these from the nursery ground to their permanent position in the woodlands. These advantages can hardly be over-rated, and are well illustrated in the healthy, rapid growth of a self-sown tree when favourably situated as compared with another that has been subjected to nursery management, however carefully this has been performed. There are many examples of natural regeneration around London, as the pine woods at Ascot, Woking and Aldershot, the birch clumps at Epping and Chislehurst, and the splendid beech timber on the Duke of Bedford's Chenies property near Rickmansworth. But, indeed, on most of the adjoining commons areas of self-sown trees are to be seen, as at Wimbledon, Chislehurst and Keston, where the birch, oak and Scotch fir have all done well and in some cases covered large tracts of the protected common land. From a purely economic point of view, the natural regeneration of the larch and Scotch pine in various parts of Scotland, especially the north-eastern districts, northern and western Ireland and parts of Wales, the beech on the English chalk downs, particularly in Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, birch on the light, gravelly waste lands of several parts of England, and the sycamore in

Kent and Middlesex, have all been attended by good results, particularly where old forests have been cleared or denuded areas of suitable land have been preserved from the encroachments of farm stock. On the Bagshot sands and gravelly heaths, all that is necessary in order to ensure a crop of birch or Scotch fir is to fence in the ground in proximity to where old seed-bearing trees are established—all the better if this is in the north-western side, from which the prevailing winds waft the seeds among the



MOVABLE WIRE HAZARDS EN ECHELON.

dwarf gorse and stunted heaths with which such grounds usually abound. The same occurs with Scotch fir on peat bog, and I am well acquainted with large plantations in northern Ireland that have been self-sown and only aided by draining off the superfluous water from the peat. In some of the beech woods at Rickmansworth and on the Chiltern Hills natural regeneration has been taken advantage of from time immemorial, and crop after crop has been obtained from self-sown seedlings that spring up readily beneath the shade of the parent trees. Oak plantations behave in a similar way, while birch is almost too accommodating in springing up where the soil conditions are suitable, and has, in consequence, to be kept in check in the way of frequent and severe thinnings. But the valuable self-planted larch and Scotch fir woods on the Strathspey and other northern Scottish estates clearly demonstrate what may be brought about by natural regeneration where soil and other conditions are suitable. A great number of the Scotch pine trees that I saw on an Aberdeenshire estate had attained to a height of 55ft. in forty years; and at Balmoral, on granite formation, the trees, partly self-sown, were nearly as high. In Aspleywood, on the Woburn Estate, the white or Weymouth pine has become established from self-sown seed, and advantage has been taken of this to secure a crop of timber. On the Holwood property, in Kent, a plantation entirely composed of self-sown sycamore, that had sprung up among a crop of Scotch and Weymouth pines, is an interesting study of how natural regeneration takes place when climatic and soil conditions are favourable.

The ash often acts in a similar way, though I cannot point to any large area of ground that is tenanted by self-sown trees of this kind. Among the less valuable kinds of trees that spring up naturally, the alder, wild cherry, hawthorn, euonymus, mountain ash and holly are all familiar examples. The natural regeneration of trees is usually confined to particular classes of soils, generally of poor quality, and where the surface vegetation is either meagre or entirely wanting, such as in the case of gravel, sand, chalk, and some of our hillsides and valleys. Where a rank growth of vegetation exists, seedlings in quantity cannot become established and are smothered outright or are of thin, lanky growth, which is more frequently the case in the coniferous than hard-wooded species. The greatest amount of damage is brought about by such strong, summer-growing plants as the bracken and running-rooted grasses, both of which favour newly cleared ground. Bracken is the worst offender, and I have known many acres of young coniferous trees killed outright by its encroachments.

As self-sown seedlings usually appear in an irregular way over the ground—thick in one place and thin or entirely wanting in another—careful attention is required so that a uniform crop is secured. This can best be ensured by early thinning where the plants are too numerous on the ground, and by seed sowing where bare patches occur.

There is little doubt that if agriculture was abandoned and the land allowed to go to waste, large tracts of natural woods would soon appear, as was the case at the time of the Roman invasion, when Julius Caesar described England as "one horrible wood" and when his soldiers had to hack their way from Dover to London.

A. D. WEBSTER.